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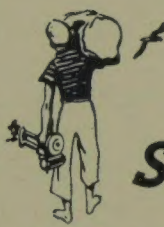
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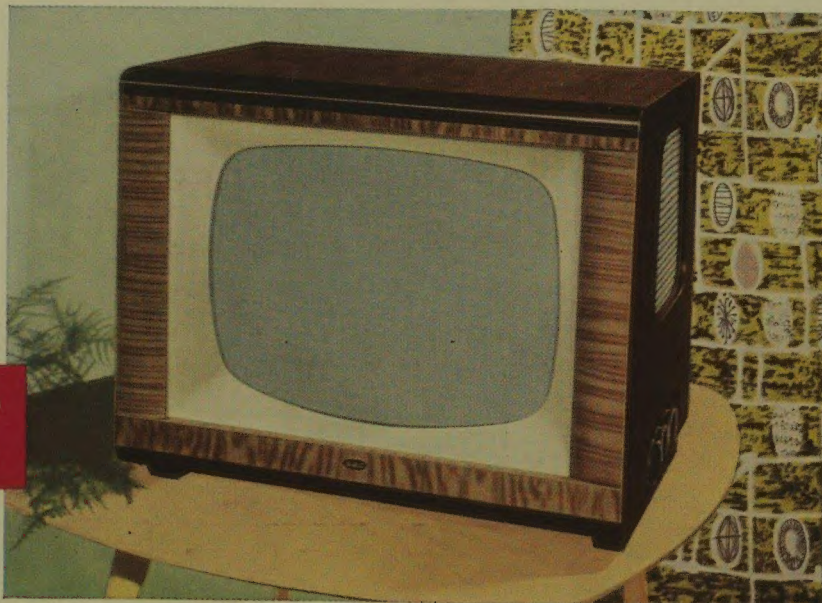
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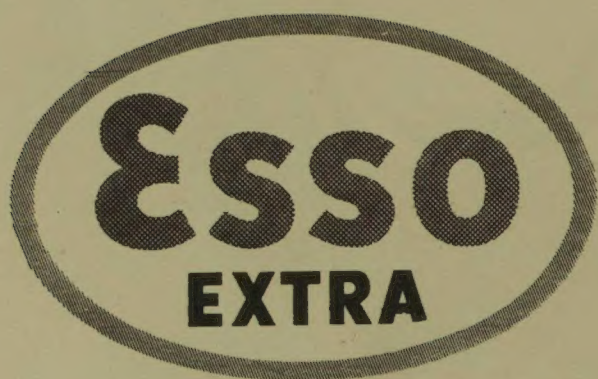
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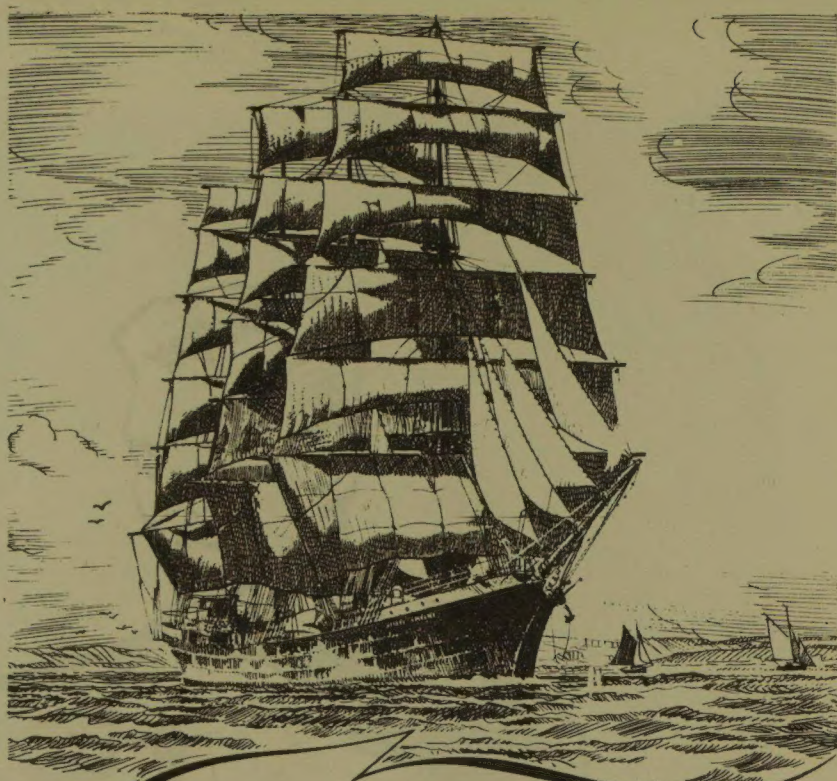
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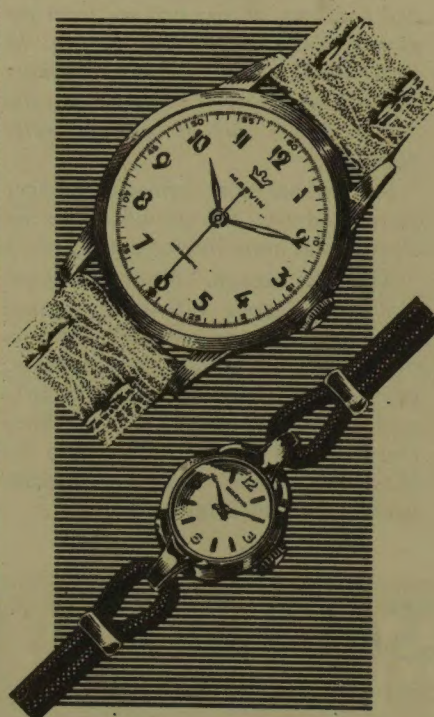
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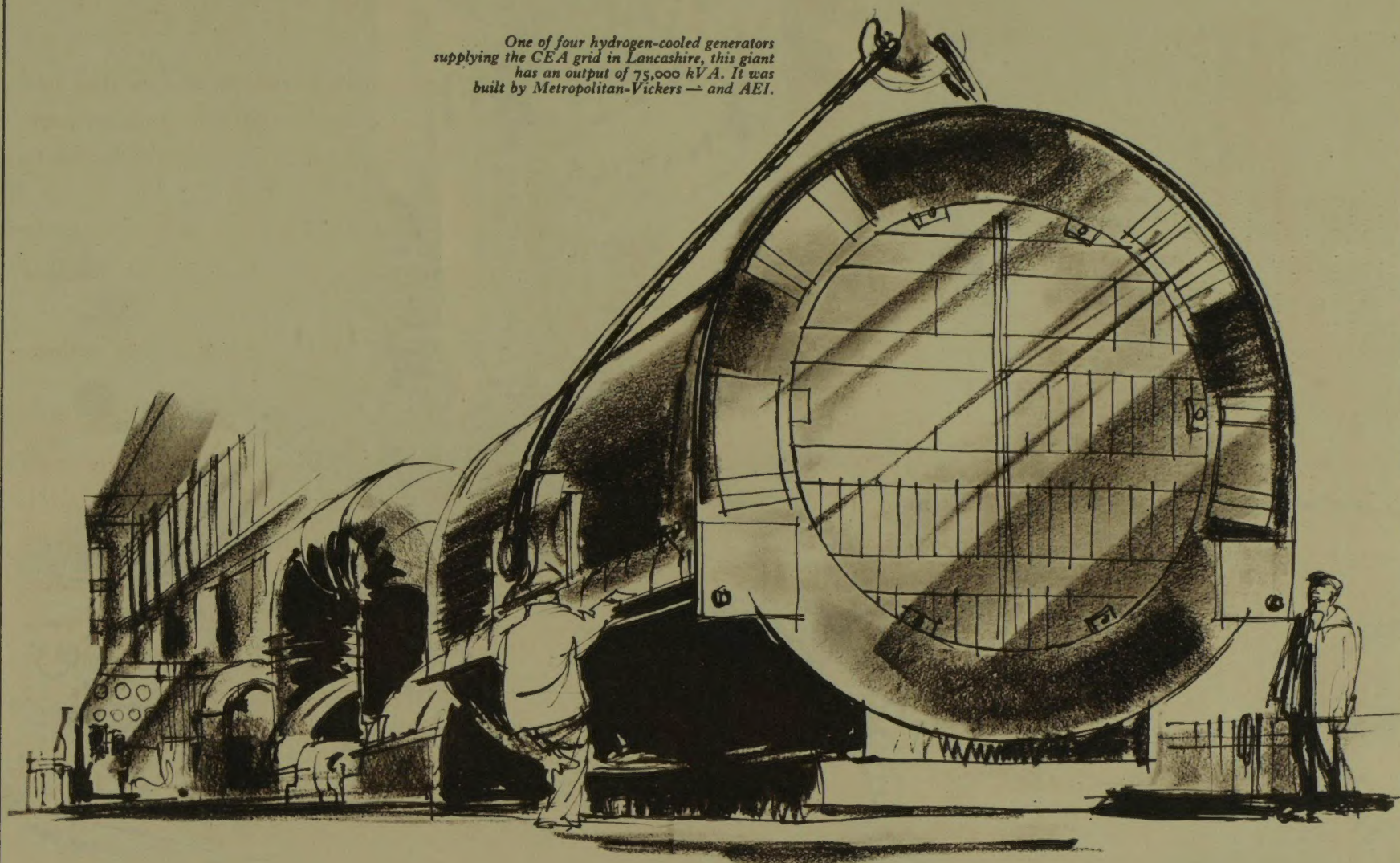
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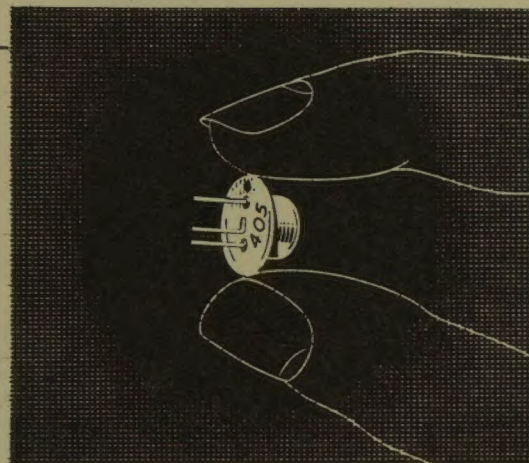
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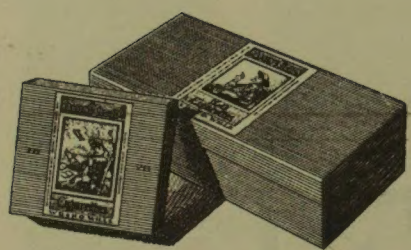
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1955.



THE LEADING SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR: MR. TED WILLIAMS ON SUNDAY MORNING TAKING A FENCE DURING HIS THIRD CLEAR ROUND, WHICH BROUGHT HIM VICTORY IN THE FINAL OF THIS IMPORTANT EVENT AT HARRINGAY.

The popular veteran professional, Mr. Ted Williams, received a tremendous ovation at Harringay on October 6th when he won the main event of the evening, and the most important national event of the Horse of the Year Show, the final of the Leading Show Jumper competition, on Mr. L. Cawthraw's *Sunday Morning*. The first stage of the final produced four clear rounds, two of the horses, *Pegasus* and *Sunday Morning*, being ridden by Mr. T. Williams, the others being

Miss P. Smythe on *Prince Hal* and Mr. A. Oliver on *Red Admiral*. In the jump-off *Sunday Morning* and *Prince Hal* still remained unfaulted, and in the second jump-off victory went to Mr. Ted Williams, who on four previous occasions had been runner-up in this competition. Miss P. Smythe on *Prince Hal* was second, and Mr. Alan Oliver third on *Red Admiral*; Mr. Ted Williams was also fourth on *Pegasus*. Other photographs of the Horse of the Year Show appear in this issue.

AT HARRINGAY: LEADING HORSES AND RIDERS IN THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW.



RECEIVING THE CUP FROM BRYAN MARSHALL, THE STEEPLECHASE JOCKEY: HERR VON BUCHWALDT OF GERMANY, WHO HAD JUST WON THE GORDON RICHARDS STAKES ON *TABITHA*.



AFTER HE HAD WON THE DICK TURPIN STAKES ON *COSTA*: D. BEARD BEING PRESENTED WITH THE CUP BY THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT. D. BEARD ALSO WON THE OVERTURE STAKES.



WINNER OF THE BEAUFORT STAKES: MR. P. ROBESON ON *Craven A* LOOKS ON AS THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT PLACES A ROSETTE ON *Craven A*'S BROW-BAND.

THE Horse of the Year Show was only initiated in 1949, but it established itself almost immediately as a brilliant success and a great attraction to the public. This year the Show, which is organised by the British Show Jumping Association, proved as popular as ever, the entries were tremendous, the competitions were thrilling and there was little wonder that the arena was packed for every evening performance. The Show provided a most fitting end to another great show-jumping season. On the first day,

[Continued below.]



(ABOVE.) WINNER OF THE COMPETITION FOR THE TITLE OF RIDING HORSE OF THE YEAR EXCEEDING 15'2 HANDS, AND ALSO CHAMPION HUNTER OF THE YEAR: MISS P. COPE'S *MIGHTY GRAND*.



RECEIVING THE FRED FOSTER CUP FROM GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER: MR. ALAN OLIVER, WHO WON THE EVENT, ON *RED ADMIRAL*. CAPT. THE HON. J. BROOKE WAS SECOND ON *NOVEMBER'S EVE*.



[Continued.] October 4, the final of the opening International Jumping competition, the Beaufort Stakes, was won by Mr. P. Robeson on *Craven A*. Captain the Hon. J. Brooke was second on Mrs. Garland's *November's Eve*, from Northern Ireland. On the following day the pulsance competition for the Fred Foster Cup was won by another very popular rider and horse, Mr. A. Oliver on *Red Admiral*. On

[Continued above, right.]

(LEFT.) TAKING A JUMP IN THE FINAL JUMP-OFF WHICH WON HER THE TITLE OF THE LEADING JUVENILE SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR: MISS V. WOOD ON *CARREG GUEST*.



WINNER OF THE TITLE OF CHAMPION CHILDREN'S RIDING PONY OF THE YEAR: *KAYORA MY PRETTY MAID*, RIDDEN BY MISS GAY COATES AND OWNED BY MRS. K. V. COATES. MISS A. STUBBING'S *ROYAL SHOW* WAS RESERVE.



WINNERS OF THE SUNDAY TIMES INTER-COUNTY TEAM CONTEST: THE YORKSHIRE TEAM (L. TO R.) MR. TED WILLIAMS ON PEGASUS; MR. J. TURNER ON ROGER IV. AND MR. D. BEARD ON COSTA. YORKSHIRE WERE ALSO THE WINNERS IN 1953.

Continued.
October 6 the main event of the evening and the most important national event of the Show was the final of the leading Show Jumper competition, which was won by Mr. Ted Williams on *Sunday Morning*. (A photograph of this horse and rider forms the frontispiece of this issue.) Mr. Ted Williams won the British Show Jumping Association Spurs for the rider who gained the highest points on one horse in the National competitions during the Show. The last event in the Show, on the evening of October 8, was the Victor Ludorum Jumping Championship for the

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT.) RECEIVING THE CUP ON BEHALF OF THE YORKSHIRE TEAM FROM MR. H. V. HODSON, EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY TIMES: MR. TED WILLIAMS ON PEGASUS.



CONGRATULATIONS FROM FOXHUNTER: MISS P. B. ROSE, ON ROYAL LORD, RECEIVING THE EVENING STANDARD FOXHUNTER CUP FROM MRS. MAX AITKEN, WHILE ROYAL LORD RECEIVES A SPECIAL SALUTE FROM FOXHUNTER (LEFT).



RECEIVING THE WILLIAM HANSON TROPHY, DEDICATED TO THE LATE BILL HANSON, FROM MRS. WILLIAM HANSON: MISS DAWN PALETHORPE ON HER BROWN GELDING, EARLSRATH RAMBLER.



WINNER OF THE HUNTER OF THE YEAR CLASS (SECTION B): PENNY ROYAL, RIDDEN BY THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK. MRS. GINGELL'S CHOC BAR WAS SECOND.

Continued.
Sunday Graphic Cup in which the two leading women riders, Miss Smythe on *Prince Hal* and Miss Dawn Palethorpe on *Earlsrath Rambler*, fought out a jump-off in which time was the deciding factor, and Miss Palethorpe won by one-fifth of a second. Miss Palethorpe also won the Harringay Spurs, which are awarded to the rider with the greatest number of points in Fédération Equestre Internationale competitions throughout the Show gained on two horses. The Show closed with the traditional Cavalcade of Horses.

(RIGHT.) TAKING PRINCE HAL OVER A STIFF JUMP: MISS PAT SMYTHE, WHO WAS NARROWLY DEFEATED IN THE VICTOR LUDORUM JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE SUNDAY GRAPHIC CUP.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERYONE remembers—or perhaps, in these days of so-called progressive education, everyone doesn't—how in Pepys' Diary the diarist, after spending the morning in Westminster Hall watching the lawyers, went to my Lord Crew's

where one Mr. Templer (an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be) dined; discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some that in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and that do feed upon larks, which they take thus: They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there, as is conceived, they do eject poison up to the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest-long (about which times they are most busy) there are fiddlers go up and down the fields every where, in expectation of being hired up these that are stung.

I think Mr. Templer must have been a bit of a romancer, but I should not like to be too didactic about this, for I know nothing about the habits of snakes, and have just been reading an article about them in *The Times* newspaper that seems to me to surpass in wonder even Mr. Templer's story. The article was about the village of Mithabhar, about twelve miles from Delhi, and was written by *The Times* Delhi correspondent. Here, about the same distance from the Indian capital that Harrow is from London, a community of some 150 people live entirely on snakes. I do not mean that they eat them; the idea would, indeed, probably seem as abhorrent to them as eating racehorses would to the people of Newmarket. They live on them in the sense that snakes are the sole source of their livelihood. For every male in the community is a snake-charmer and every boy a snake-charmer's apprentice. Even the babies, it seems, are given cobras as comforters, and the small boys under the neem trees by the canal bank play at tug-of-war with pythons.

These simple but highly-skilled folk do not only use snakes for the purposes of their livelihood. They apparently love them and associate them, as God's creatures, with their religion. "Once a year," the author of the article writes, "when the road companies are back from playing to far-away audiences in Kabul or Kandahar, Katmandu or Lhasa, Myitkyina or Mandalay, Alor Star or Johore Bharu, they go in procession to their *swami*, to worship the deity, and offer gifts. The *swami* is the grand master of all snake-charmers in India, who lives near Jind, in the Punjab, and claims to be 100 years old."* All round Mithabhar the cornfields are full of serpents, and when one of its bright-turbaned worthies blows his pipe, the snakes come winding and swishing through the stalks to be taken for what is as much their profession as the villagers'. For every snake, on being caught—by musical pipe, cleft stick and deft hand—is made a member of its captor's family, kindly entreated, fed on milk, which snakes, it seems, adore, and given a dark sack or cool basket of its own in which to live during its training and sojourn with human-kind. It is promised on the day of its taking that it will be released before a certain date, and when its term of service and travel with its master are over, it is brought, with much ceremony, to the exact spot where it was first caught and released with copious thanks. Naturally, snakes abound round Mithabhar; one imagines that all over India the aspiring creatures are looking for the place. Elsewhere in the world snakes get as poor a reception from human-kind as rats; but at Mithabhar they get milk and baskets. They also get free travel—some of them go with their kind masters as far as Burma and Ceylon—music of a rather shrill kind, which they appear to enjoy almost as much as milk, rearing their heads in ecstasy to listen, and a great deal of admiration. Their masters—for the people of Southern Asia, like the rich American

tourists who visit their lands, are enthusiastic patrons of snake-charmers—contrive with their help to make a great deal of money, both in rupees and dollars. They transmute it into magnificent, if barbaric, silver and jewellery to adorn their fine persons.

What particularly struck me about this fascinating article about the snake-charmers' village was the remarkable degree of use and benefit these humble people have managed, with their hereditary knowledge and skill, to make of snakes. They know the roots which, dried, act as an antidote to snake-bite, the charms with which to restore the victim of a serpent's tongue; the magical, high-pitched music which, played on their three-reed, calabash pipes, reduces the largest python or deadliest cobra to an unprotesting and even enthusiastic co-operation with man. It is a magnificent advertisement for the hereditary principle—

the principle on which modern democracy has progressively but, as I always think, foolishly turned its back. To claim for the hereditary principle all that our over-snobbish ancestors, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, claimed for it is absurd; lords or squires are not necessarily good or wise or desirable beings merely because their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers were lords or squires before them. Yet even Regency lords usually derived a certain aptitude for the social requirements of their status from the possession of a long ennobled ancestry. They played the part well because they had been bred—both in the bone and by training—to the part. The same is true, in an even more marked degree, of snake-charmers. It is because they are taught this knowledge from their infancy that the men of Mithabhar possess such a wonderful power over their native reptiles and are able to turn it to such good use for themselves and their fellow-men. There is all the difference in the world between the man who is complete master of his job and the mere amateur, and the difference between these Indian villagers and most of us to-day is that they are expert professionals in the way that very few people in the Western World now are. A century-and-a-half, or much less, ago, it used to be the other way round; the hereditary skill and craftsmanship of Europe, and particularly of this country, was far greater than anything the rest of the world could offer, and for that reason Europe, and, above all, Britain, were masters of the globe. At bottom that superiority rested on superior education; superior in practical or working morals, superior in the power of thought, superior in creating craftsmanship and technical skill. And in that education the hereditary principle played an enormously significant part. In most of the most important trades and crafts, including the most important of all—agriculture—a boy learnt at his father's knee and from his father's example the skill which was later to form the basis of his livelihood and of his country's wealth. He not only stood a strong chance of inheriting transmitted skills from a long line of farming or mason or cabinet-making—or whatever it might be—ancestors, but, far more important, he was from his earliest years inspired

by the spectacle of his father's daily labour to follow his example and emulate his industry and skill. It is natural for a child to want to share in and imitate the work of the grown-ups around him, and of his own father most of all. The three-year-old son of my farm-bailiff knows the name of every cow on my little farm, accompanies his father on all his daily tasks, and already looks, at an age when most town children are scarcely out of the cradle and the play-pen, the complete farmer, knowing, sturdy, vigilant and country-wise. To make men who are complete masters of a craft, who love their work and understand how to make the most of this fruitful and beautiful earth, is the crying need of our materialistic but muddled civilisation. The snake-charmers of Mithabhar would probably be surprised to know it, but in their skilful lives there is a message for us all!

THE PORTUGUESE STATE VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN.



TO BE THE GUEST OF HER MAJESTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: SENHORA CRAVEIRO LOPES, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL, WHO IS ACCOMPANYING HER HUSBAND ON A STATE VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

General Craveiro Lopes, President of Portugal, is due to arrive in this country with his wife on October 25 for a State visit. The President and his wife are to stay at Buckingham Palace from October 25 to October 28, and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have arranged to give a State banquet in their honour on the first night of their visit. General Craveiro Lopes is married to Senhora Dona Berta Ribeiro Artur Craveiro Lopes (whose portrait is shown above), and they have one daughter and three sons; the latter are a Cavalry officer, an architect, and an Air Force officer respectively. On October 27, while the President is visiting the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, Senhora Craveiro Lopes is to visit the Bessborough Street day nursery and welfare centre in Westminster, London, and will also visit the Wallace Collection at Hertford House.

* "Mithabhar, the Village of the Snake Charmers," *The Times*, September 30, 1955.



TO PAY A STATE VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN FROM OCTOBER 25 TO OCTOBER 28: THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL,
H.E. GENERAL FRANCISCO HIGINIO CRAVEIRO LOPES.

On the morning of October 25 the Portuguese warship *Bartolomeu Dias*, bringing the President of Portugal and Senhora Craveiro Lopes to Great Britain for their State visit, is due to berth above Tower Bridge, in London. After being welcomed by the Duke of Gloucester, the President and his wife will travel by Royal barge to Westminster Pier, where they will be met by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent. The visitors will then travel in a carriage procession, accompanied by her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh, and

escorted by a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry, to Buckingham Palace, where they will stay until October 28. During his visit the President will receive the High Commissioners for the Commonwealth countries at Buckingham Palace and afterwards members of the Diplomatic Corps; he will also pay a visit to Burlington House, to view the Royal Academy winter exhibition of Portuguese art. General Craveiro Lopes, who was born in 1894, was elected President of the Republic of Portugal, in 1951. He comes from a family with long and distinguished military traditions which he has signally upheld.

DISASTERS OF LAND, SEA AND AIR: NEWS FROM THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.



WHERE A UNITED AIRLINES DC4 AIRCRAFT CRASHED WITH THE LOSS OF SIXTY-FIVE LIVES: MEDICINE BOW MOUNTAIN, NEAR LARAMIE, WYOMING. THE DARK AREA OF THE PEAK SHOWS THE POINT OF IMPACT. WRECKAGE IS STREWN LOWER DOWN. THIS IS THE WORST DISASTER IN THE HISTORY OF U.S. COMMERCIAL AVIATION.



UNVEILED AT A PUBLIC CEREMONY IN OTTAWA: A FOUNTAIN THAT STOOD FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE UNTIL REPLACED BY A LARGER ONE IN 1948.

A fountain that stood in Trafalgar Square from 1845 until 1948 now plays on the bank of the Rideau Canal, Ottawa. After its removal from London it was presented by the National Arts Collection Fund to the National Gallery of Canada for re-erection in Ottawa as a memorial to Colonel John By, who constructed the Rideau Canal. It was unveiled at a ceremony at Ottawa on October 5.



(ABOVE.) A SCENE OF DESOLATION CAUSED BY HURRICANE JANET: COROZAL, BRITISH HONDURAS, WHERE MANY WERE KILLED AND HUNDREDS OF BUILDINGS WERE WRECKED.

The hurricane Janet, which caused so much devastation in the islands of the West Indies, also hit British Honduras, where the town of Corozal was virtually demolished. Our photograph reveals the wrecked coconut groves (right and left foreground), and the ruins of many important buildings, including the hospital, the power station and the Roman Catholic church. It is reported that at least eleven people died in the town and hundreds were injured. Almost all the inhabitants of the town were made homeless.

(LEFT.) PRESENTED WITH A WHITE GOAT MASCOT BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, MR. VINCENT MASSEY: THE ROYAL 22ND REGT. OF CANADA, AFFILIATED WITH THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS, WHO FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES HAVE OWNED SIMILAR MASCOTS.



HANGING ABOVE THE RIVER AFTER BEING RAMMED BY THE AMERICAN TANKER FETTERMAN (10,172 TONS): A SPAN OF THE ASHLEY RIVER BRIDGE, AT CHARLESTON, WHICH AFTERWARDS PLUNGED INTO THE WATER. NO CASUALTIES WERE REPORTED.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL, AFTER RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE AT LAVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC, IS SHOWN THE UNIVERSITY'S ROYAL CHARTER BY MONSIGNOR M. ROY. During the course of her Canadian visit H.R.H. the Princess Royal received the degree of LL.D. from the Rector of Laval University, Quebec. She is seen here with her eleven-year-old page, Reni Bourget (who was chosen from a Quebec orphanage), examining the Royal Charter of 1852. It is stated that Laval University is the only Canadian university with a Royal Charter.

RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA: HOME NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCOTLAND, ENGLAND AND WALES.



BACK AT HATFIELD FROM KHARTOUM: CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM ALIGHTING FROM THE COMET MARK II. IN WHICH HE SET UP A RECORD FOR COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT.

The de Havilland Comet Mark II. aircraft, in which Captain John Cunningham set up a record for commercial aircraft by flying from Khartoum to Rome in 5 hrs. 20 mins. on October 6, returned to Hatfield on the following day. The Comet II. has just completed successful and extensive trials in tropical conditions in central Africa.



INSTALLED AS CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON: FIELD MARSHAL LORD WILSON RECEIVING THE KEYS OF OFFICE FROM THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SCARBROUGH. On October 7 the two gold master keys of the Tower of London were handed to Field Marshal Lord Wilson at a ceremony in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula at the Tower, when he was formally installed as Constable of the Tower in succession to Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. The ceremony is traditionally held on Tower Green, but because of a recent illness Lord Wilson's doctors advised that the ceremony should be held indoors.



AT THE INSTALLATION OF SHEFFIELD'S NEW MASTER CUTLER: THE NEW MASTER CUTLER, MR. R. P. PHILLIPS (CENTRE), WATCHING HIS FATHER (RIGHT) BEING WELCOMED TO THE LUNCHEON AT CUTLERS' HALL BY THE RETIRING MASTER.

On October 4 Mr. R. P. Phillips, director of a tool manufacturing firm founded by his grandfather, was installed as Sheffield's Master Cutler at Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield. Our photograph shows the new Master watching his father (right) being welcomed to the luncheon at Cutlers' Hall by the retiring Master, Mr. W. G. Ibberson.



ON THEIR WAY BACK TO MEIKLEOUR HOUSE AFTER ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE IN KINCLAVEN CHURCH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH PRINCESS ANNE AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.

The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Royal children attended Divine Service at Kinclaven Church, Perthshire, on October 9 after motoring over from Meikleour House where they spent the week-end with Lord and Lady Lansdowne. After the service the Royal family walked through the woodlands and crossed the River Tay in a small boat on their way back to Meikleour House.



(ABOVE.) BRITAIN'S NEWEST CABLESHIP: OCEAN LAYER, A CONVERTED GERMAN CARGO VESSEL, WHICH WAS RENAMED AT A CEREMONY AT PEMBROKE DOCK.

On September 29 Britain's newest cableship was renamed *Ocean Layer* at Pembroke Dock on the completion of her conversion into a cableship of 4800 tons deadweight. She is the world's second largest cableship and the first British ship to be fitted with a Pleuger active rudder. *Ocean Layer* is to make her maiden voyage this month.

(RIGHT.) THE DAGENHAM GIRL PIPERS' SILVER JUBILEE. LORD MACKINTOSH, CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE, PRESENTING A BANNER TO PIPE MAJOR PEGGY IRIS FOR THE WORK CARRIED OUT BY THE DAGENHAM GIRL PIPERS DURING THE NATIONAL SAVINGS CAMPAIGN.



ZANZIBAR AT A MOMENT OF DESTINY.

"ISLE OF CLOVES. A VIEW OF ZANZIBAR"; By F. D. OMMANNEY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

NOT all scientific men can write in a lively, or even a lucid, way. As time goes on, specialisation increases, and many writers become comprehensible only to fellow-specialists—in all the branches of physical and biological science exposition tends (inevitably, perhaps) to be clotted up with multisyllabled words of Greek, or Latin, or mongrel origin which, though they may delight learned Germans, would have made any Greek or Roman of taste sick, and which are as difficult to pronounce as the old tin-smith's reply to the inquiring lady: "No, mum, I'm not copper-bottoming 'em, mum, I'm aluminiuming 'em, mum." This bans the melodic flow which marks all good prose. But another thing which deters the inquisitive layman is the apparent lack of interest which many of these experts, however keen in their researches regarding the digestive system of the St. Helena toad or the symbiotics of the Borneo leech, show in the world beyond their microscopic blinkers; which world includes that race to which they themselves belong, oddly named *homo sapiens*, of which William Watson wrote:

Magnificent out
of the dust
we came
And abject from
the spheres.

Yet there is nothing to stop a man concentrating on one branch of knowledge for a great deal of his time, and, for the rest of his time, lifting his head, observing the variegated and beautiful world which has been offered to him, and reflecting, in Stevenson's simple lines:

The world is so
full of a number
of things,
I'm sure we
should all be
as happy as
Kings.

That was the mood of the founders of the Royal Society, of which Pepys was a member (I rather think President, but I'm not sure), and in which Charles II. (very appropriately, as the late Mr. Asquith remarked) endowed a Chair of Anatomy. It was easy then, in the Victorian phrase, to know "something about everything, and everything about something."

It is not so easy now. The scientist who tries to interpret risks being called a journalist, and the layman who tries to learn may be contemptuously dismissed as a dabbler. It was not always so. I have just finished the young Charles Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle" for the third time in my life. The first time I read it I was a schoolboy and probably thought it a "jolly good yarn" because it was so full of adventures and discoveries, during five years with the Navy, in all sorts of places, all round the world, experiences like that of a circumnavigating Robinson Crusoe. When I read it in middle life I was probably struck most by the variety of Darwin's scientific interests: there wasn't the smallest insect on the loneliest rock or the most colossal upheaval in a seismic area which he did not wish to record. But a few days ago, when I finished the great book again, I was most aware of his honesty, his humility and his humanity: and, incidentally, of the simple beauty of

his prose when his sense of wonder provoked a sense of worship, and that produced beautiful paragraphs a world away from the constructed "purple passages" of authors who wish to persuade readers that they are, in Wilde's boastful phrase, "lords of language."

At long last I reach Dr. Ommannney and the "Isle of Cloves." I should have reached them earlier had I not found a kinship between him and Darwin, in curiosity and spirit and mastery of the English tongue. It would be difficult to tie Darwin down (to view him as the exponent of the Origin of Species by Natural Selection is to narrow him) to one particular branch of observation: he was as much at home with fossils as with diatoms, with South American ostriches as with African ones, and as aware of the beauty of Tahitian men and the beauty of the Southern Cross as he was of the beauty of the religion which had turned Polynesian cannibals into civilised people. He regretted, late in life, that he had lost his feeling for poetry: he was a poet, and he never did.

Nor will Dr. Ommannney. Darwin was a Naturalist-in-General; Dr. Ommannney has also sailed the seas, is

transportation. The slaves died like flies in chain-gangs to the coast, and, like flies again, in the dhows which transported them to Arabia, where they were sold at £2 apiece.

Zanzibar was the main *entrepôt*. It blackens all Dr. Ommannney's story. He is extremely informative about the long history of that East African Coast: about the Egyptians, the

DR. OMMANNEY, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Francis Downes Ommannney was born in 1903 and educated at Aldenham School. He graduated in Zoology at the Royal College of Science in 1926, and was then lecturer in Zoology, Queen Mary College, 1926-29. For the next ten years he was on the staff of the *Discovery* Investigation and engaged on work at whaling stations in South Georgia and Durban. He then made two cruises, each of two years, in the Royal Research Ship *Discovery II*. During World War II. Dr. Ommannney was Inspector on a Whale Factory Ship, and served in the R.N.V.R. as a Meteorological Officer. From 1946-47 he was Scientific Editor for the British Council, after which he joined the Colonial Service, and, after exploring the shoals of the Indian Ocean and spending some years on the coasts of Zanzibar, is now in Singapore. His books include: "The Ocean" and "The Shoals of Capricorn."

Arabs, the Portuguese, the English. He gives the history of the successive Sultans, of Zanzibar city with its narrow lanes and mixed populations, the bombardment by the British, the exchange with Germany, the pukka-sahib British administration, with Club complete, the odd Europeans who never meant to stay there, but died there, being fascinated by Africa.

But, pisciculturist though he may be, he says, this time, little about his scientific job, but a great deal about Zanzibar history and about the sort of Europeans (English, rather) who have lived there since (reluctantly, as usual), we took the place over, lest worse befall.

He has gone to odd places and always written good books—good in material and good in style. I don't know whether his department will next order him. I think that either the Falkland Islands, or Saint Helena, or the Nicobars or the Andamans, or the Saint Paul Rocks might be a good "assignment" for him. In any of the places he will find his fish: and even in the remotest of them he will find human traces. And, whithersoever he goes, he will be inspired. Why shouldn't he be sent to Tristan da Cunha? He might be bored there; but he might discover some unusual fish and, out of sheer boredom, living in a shack, produce another book as good as this—with no inheritance of slavery and massacre involved.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 674 of this issue.

ON SHORT LOAN TO BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY: A GAINSBOROUGH LANDSCAPE ACQUIRED BY THE U.S.A.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART, OHIO: A FINE LANDSCAPE PAINTED BY GAINSBOROUGH.

This fine landscape by Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788) was bought in this country by the Toledo Museum of Art, Ohio, who have generously lent the picture to Birmingham Art Gallery for three weeks before it is sent to the United States. The picture was, until recently, in the collection of Colonel William Esdaile, and it was probably painted by Gainsborough for one of his ancestors. This painting, which is in excellent condition, probably dates from about the same period as Gainsborough's "The Harvest Wagon," which can be seen in the Barber Institute of Fine Arts, Birmingham University. This picture arrived in Birmingham at the beginning of October for people to see for a period of three weeks before it is sent overseas to the United States.

This photograph has no connection with the book under review.

primarily a zoologist and, secondarily, an investigator of fish, including the pseudo-fish, the mammalian whales. His job, to my knowledge, has led him into odd places: I read, with delight, his book "South Latitude," and his other book "The Shoals of Capricorn" which recorded his voyages in the Seychelles and neighbouring islands, his discoveries of odd fish (which was one of his jobs) and his encounters, on an odd island, with Giant Tortoises, like those on the Galapagos Islands, which, strangely, have not yet been abolished by *homo sapiens*, who exterminated the quagga and ate the dodo out of existence, and looks like abolishing the fur-seal.

The chief link, apart from a passionate interest in animate nature, is his detestation of slavery. Darwin came across it in Brazil and resolved, after seeing the horrors of slavery there, that he would never set foot in that country again; his reactions were much like those in Dickens's "American Notes." Dr. Ommannney, facing present and past in Zanzibar and the neighbouring African Coast, has to encounter slavery as did Darwin: not domestic slavery, because the survivors of the African raids mostly died on the way to Arabia, but the slavery of the raids and the



CLIFF-FACE TRAINING IN RESCUE WORK AT BEACHY HEAD: AN EASTBOURNE POLICE SERGEANT BEING HAULED UP THE CLIFF, GUIDING A "BODY" ON A STRETCHER, DURING A RECENT TRAINING COURSE.

A training course in rescue work has recently been held by the Eastbourne Police at Beachy Head, in Sussex, which is 575 ft. high and the loftiest headland on the south coast. Those taking part in the course were all volunteers who learnt to be conversant with the hazards which may be encountered during cliff rescue work, and the efficient use of rescue apparatus. Drops of between 200 and 400 ft. down the perpendicular chalk cliffs were first attempted, and this was followed by a drop right above the lighthouse, which stands at the foot of a 546-ft. sheer cliff-face. The apparatus used by the volunteers was that invented some twenty

years ago by ex-Sergeant Jack Arnold. It consists of 700 ft. of steel cable mounted on a long triangular frame of steel girders, the apex, which is shaped like a crane-arm, projects over the cliff edge to carry the cable clear of obstructions. The apparatus can be moved to any point along the cliff and is anchored in position by 6-ft.-long stakes, which are sledge-hammered into the ground. On a separate drum and mount is 700 ft. of telephone line, which, with crash helmets, overalls and safety belts, completes the rescue outfit. During the final stages of the training the men are taught to take a stretcher down and rescue a "body."

TALLEYRAND, who was himself an expert in masterly inactivity, condemned "zeal" in foreign policy. It is permissible to wonder whether the reactions of the West to the announcement that Egypt was to buy arms from Czechoslovakia was not rather too zealous. On the first day of this month the French, British and United States Ambassadors called on Colonel Nasser for information, and obviously also to protest against Egypt's action. The United States Ambassador was accompanied by Mr. George Allen, Assistant Secretary of State for Middle Eastern Affairs. Later in the day the Soviet Ambassador called at Colonel Nasser's request. It must have been an exciting, and in some ways pleasantly exciting, day for him. What is more to the point, it showed the Egyptian Government where the three Western Powers were most touchy. Colonel Nasser may well have said to himself that this was a theme which could be played with variations. He may have concluded that, whenever Egypt wants something which is denied by the West, or merely desires to impress it with her importance, even a gesture towards the Iron Curtain may pay.

This comment does not suggest that there should have been no reaction, but only that it might have taken a form rather less dramatic. No one can deny that the Powers concerned had reason to regret the step taken by Egypt, perhaps even to be dismayed by it. They had come to an agreement to supply the Middle East States with arms and military equipment on a scale which would not make probable another major war between the Arab countries and Israel, or, for that matter, between Egypt and Israel. The ugly and dangerous incidents on the frontier between these two States had only just died down and the hostility between them remained as bitter as ever. Now it seemed possible that the balance would be upset or that an arms race would follow. The prospect of Communism gaining a foothold in the Middle East by such means was also unpleasant to contemplate.

Yet, when these Powers made their protests, and also complained to the U.S.S.R. itself, they do not seem to have known whether the purchases were all to be made from Czechoslovakia or whether the Egyptians hoped to buy in Russia as well. Nor do they appear to have been clear about the sort of equipment which the Egyptians proposed to buy. There has been some talk of Russian *Mig* aircraft and of motor torpedo-boats—this item being significant, because it could stand only for an intensification of the Egyptian blockade of Israel. The purchase of aircraft is in itself reasonable, because Israel is in possession of French fighters superior to those of the Egyptian Air Force, and these French aircraft showed their paces effectively in the recent fighting about the Gaza Strip. And, in principle, Egypt clearly has a right to buy where she pleases.

So far, she has taken light-hearted warnings that her paddle on the fringe of the Communist sea will take her into deeper waters than she supposes. Colonel Nasser is probably quite sincere in his belief that the deal can be made "without strings." It would not be too much to say that no large-scale deal in modern arms can be wholly without strings. Re-equipment with the latest weapons—aircraft especially but tanks and others, too—involves a complete overhaul in training, maintenance and administration. It cannot be done properly without the aid of what is in effect a military mission, though this may be small and described by some other name. It seems certain

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. COMMUNIST ARMS FOR EGYPT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

can be used effectively by the Egyptian forces. And then those Israeli politicians who were in favour of a show-down with Egypt even before the announcement of the proposed deal will find new force for their arguments. They will urge that this time the blow should be more serious than the operations which Israel initiated on February 28, and that it should lead to a decisive defeat of Egypt and the capture



TWO "SECRET" DOCUMENTS, ONE FRENCH AND ONE BRITISH, CLAIMED BY COLONEL NASSER TO HAVE BEEN INTERCEPTED BY EGYPT. REPRODUCED IN AN EGYPTIAN NEWSPAPER, THEY ARE ALLEGED TO REFER TO ISRAEL'S ARMS PURCHASES AND AGGRESSIVE INTENTIONS.

Egypt's decision to buy arms from Czechoslovakia promptly aroused strong diplomatic activity in Cairo. The Prime Minister, Colonel Nasser, received in turn the Soviet, British, French and American Ambassadors, the latter accompanied by Mr. George Allen, the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Middle Eastern Affairs. The "secret" British intelligence document intercepted by Egypt, purporting to give the War Office view of Middle East developments and prospects, has been made much of in Cairo, but was stated here to be not excessively rare. The document, together with a French document giving details of alleged arms shipments to Israel, was published in a Cairo newspaper.

over the plan to buy Czechoslovak arms. The Army wants arms and is not too particular whence they come, provided it gets them. And here the country at large shows signs of thinking with the Army. It is pleased that Egypt should assert herself. Reports agree that the dictator's popularity is at its height.

Then, the Egyptian Government believes that Israel has never ceased to arm and that the balance which the Western Powers profess to be anxious to maintain has already been upset in her favour. From such evidence as I possess, it is correct to say that Israel has been arming faster than Egypt. It is no consolation to the latter to be told that the tripartite agreement is concerned rather with the balance between Israel and the Arab States as a whole than with that between Israel and Egypt. In the "big war" Egypt considered that her allies let her down and now feels that she must strive to be strong enough to stand on her own feet. Jordan, which fought admirably in that war with a tiny force, is distinctly stronger now than then, but the Arab Legion remains the small force of a small population. The others do not seem to have made much progress. Iraq may have made the most, but war with Israel is for her a matter of an expedition of over 500 miles from her centres of population.

Britain is not unfriendly to Egypt. Policy apart, private relations are objective and dispassionate. Our first aim is to maintain peace in the Middle East. We and the United States are reproached in some quarters for having allowed in any of the arms essential to Middle East defence before having obtained a settlement between Israel and the Arab States. Actually we and the United States have been doing our best to that end year upon year. From some comment before me as I write, the ignorant might be led to believe that a settlement was an entirely new notion, which we had not previously contemplated. This charge seems to me without weight. It would have been remiss on our part and that of the United States to have refrained from building up some sort of a defence structure even though the quarrel was still unsolved. The critics say in a lordly way that there never was danger of armed Communist incursion into the Middle East. I wonder how they know.

When a factory buys its machinery from an engineering firm, it will tend to go to the same firm for development or re-equipment, provided what it has previously bought has proved satisfactory. This is even more the case when a Government buys abroad for its armed forces. It may be compelled to spread its orders, but it prefers to buy them from the same shop. Standardisation has never been so important as it is to-day. And when it comes to standardisation of foreign equipment, the military buyer has to put up with the agents of the seller—certainly civilian agents and almost certainly military also—digging themselves in in its midst. There is no reason why the effects should be harmful or degrading. The buyer will, however, be wise to choose a purveyor whose motives are acknowledged and obvious rather than one who notoriously uses trade as an instrument to support a political creed and is known to have specialised in the past in the subversion of armed forces and of civilians engaged in the maintenance and repair of arms. This is a lesson which Egypt might in future have to learn to her cost.

There is a broader aspect of the case which is not my main concern now, but on which I have room for



CONFERRING WITH COLONEL NASSER (CENTRE): MR. GEORGE ALLEN, THE U.S. ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE FOR MIDDLE EASTERN AFFAIRS (LEFT), AND MR. HENRY BYROADE, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR IN CAIRO.

that Colonel Nasser does not want Communism spread in the Egyptian forces. If that is so, he would find profitable reading in the relations between the German and Russian Armies after the First World War, though, in that case, it was the Russian officers who were cajoled—and liquidated on a big scale.

In the same way, there is no reason to believe that Colonel Nasser desires a full-scale war with Israel, but there is some risk of his getting it. We have at present no means of knowing on what scale Egypt proposes to buy, and, on the whole, it seems unlikely that the present deal will be such as to upset the balance of power in the Middle East. But how will the business look to Israel? She will say that the deal must now go through unless the Western Powers promise as much as Czechoslovakia would have sent—equally bad from her point of view. She will estimate that there will be a long pause before these weapons

of the Gaza Strip, if not more.

I am not asserting that they will have their way; indeed, it is reasonable to hope that the Government of Israel will prove more prudent. But it seems to me that Egypt will be running a risk in this respect. It is clear that the Israeli Army is confident of its ability to take the Gaza Strip as matters stand at present. It probably also feels capable of doing this, and in the process gravely damaging the fighting power of Egypt, so quickly as to forestall intervention by other Arab States on a scale big enough to cause anxiety elsewhere. Writing here a month ago, in the issue of September 17, I dealt briefly with the reform of the Egyptian Army and the lag still persisting in supply and maintenance for a war at long range,

mainly owing to shortage of transport. I concluded that major operations in Palestine might "strain the administrative organisation and reveal defects in it." I might have made the point even more strongly.

Apart from the tension with Israel, various motives can be discerned in the Egyptian decision to seek arms behind the Iron Curtain. They are not in themselves necessarily sinister, however dangerous they may be. First, there is the desire to emphasize the country's independence and importance. Egypt wants to make her voice heard, to increase her prestige. This was the motive which caused her to oppose the treaty between Turkey and Iraq. Then, though Colonel Nasser appears to have the country pretty solidly behind him at present, in the last resort his power rests on the Army. Without it he would have been unable to suppress the elements hostile to his rule. In this respect he has scored heavily



RECEIVING SOVIET DIPLOMATS AFTER CONCLUDING AN ARMS AGREEMENT WITH CZECHOSLOVAKIA: COLONEL NASSER (CENTRE), THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR, MR. SOLOD (RIGHT), AND THE SOVIET CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES.

a few concluding words. The easing of relations between Soviet Russia and her satellites and the free world and the general desire for an increase in trade between the two sides obviously facilitates deals of this kind. These in turn may lend themselves to the propagation of the Communist faith in the countries concerned. Governments experienced in statecraft will commonly find themselves able to assess the risk in each particular instance. In no case can it be taken lightly. One can conceive some desperate emergency which might justify it even at its worst. But to accept it out of impatience or pique or for a prestige unlikely to be long-lived must always be a grave error. In warning Egypt to this effect the three Western Powers are naturally acting in their own legitimate interests. But it would be frivolity on the part of Egypt to assume that they were indifferent to her interests.

THE CRISIS IN CYPRUS: A GENERAL STRIKE, AND SIR JOHN HARDING'S FIRST STEPS.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING, THE NEW GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF CYPRUS (CENTRE), BEING SWORN IN IMMEDIATELY ON ARRIVAL IN THE ISLAND ON OCTOBER 3.



SIR JOHN HARDING (CENTRE) WITH ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS (LEFT), THE LEADER OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE UNION OF CYPRUS WITH GREECE.



ARMED WITH BATONS AND PROTECTED WITH SMALL, ROUND SHIELDS: A DETACHMENT OF CYPRUS POLICE IN METAXAS SQUARE, NICOSIA, DURING THE GENERAL STRIKE.



CYPRIO YOUTHS, ARRESTED BY THE POLICE, BEING TAKEN FOR QUESTIONING, DURING THE GENERAL STRIKE CALLED IN PROTEST AT THE U.N. DECISION ON CYPRUS.



ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE CYPRUS TURKS, THE MUFTI DANA EFFENDI (LEFT), WITH SIR JOHN HARDING.

ON Sept. 29, the Cypriot Communist and nationalist trade unions called a General Strike in protest against the refusal of the United Nations General Assembly to debate the Cyprus question; and as a result of elaborate police and military precautions there was little serious disorder during the day. There were, however, some minor incidents in which batons and tear gas were used and a number of arrests were made; practically all the offenders being youths and school-boys. On October 3, the new Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Sir John Harding, arrived in the island and arranged immediately to meet Archbishop Makarios, the leader of the Enosis movement. This meeting took place on October 4; and the same day there were a number of terrorist outrages in various villages—in particular at Lefkoniko, where an organised gang successfully attacked a police station, bound and gagged twelve police and stole a quantity of arms and equipment. On October 5, Sir John Harding received leaders of the Turkish Cypriot community; and there were a number of terrorist outrages during the day. On October 6, a curfew was imposed in several places and troops made sweeps in some districts in a search for known terrorists and dumps of arms.



IN METAXAS SQUARE, CYPRUS, DURING THE GENERAL STRIKE: BRITISH TROOPS, WITH BREN GUN AND WIRELESS SET, POSTED TO PREVENT DISORDER ARISING. AS A RESULT OF THE PRECAUTIONS, THERE WERE ONLY MINOR DISORDERS ON THIS DAY.



WINDING UP THE DEBATE ON ECONOMIC POLICY AT THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE AT BOURNEMOUTH: MR. BUTLER, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MR. PETER THORNEYCROFT, MR. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD, LORD WOOLTON, MRS. EVELYN EMMET (PRESIDING), MR. C. S. STREATFIELD, SIR ERIC

ADDRESSING THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE AT BOURNEMOUTH ON OCTOBER 6: MR. BUTLER,

The Conservative Party Conference opened at Bournemouth on October 6 with a debate on economic policy and taxation, at the end of which it was addressed by Mr. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who outlined some of the measures by which he proposes to deal with inflation. Addressing some 4000 representatives

of constituency associations, assembled in two halls, he emphasised the need for lower prices arising from increased production as a means of benefiting the community as a whole, adding that by reducing prices money would be given a better value and more stability. He gave an assurance that, while the credit



OTHER CONSERVATIVE PARTY MEMBERS AT THE FRONT TABLE ARE (L. TO R.): MR. A. R. W. LOW, MISS M. P. HORNSBY-SMITH, MR. DAVID ECCLES, MR. ANTHONY HEAD, ERRINGTON, MRS. LORNE SAYERS, MR. JOHN HARE, MRS. HENRY BROOKE, MR. IAIN MACLEOD, MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD, AND FOUR UNIDENTIFIED.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO STRESSED THE NEED FOR ACTION TO AVOID INFLATION.

squeeze would continue, there would be no return to physical controls, allocations, rationing and restriction. Nor would the Government cut imports, since this would provoke retaliation against our exports. The Chancellor gave a blunt warning that it would be foolish for the Conference to press for measures to reduce

Government spending and at the same time demand taxation relief, speedier repayment of post-war credits and the expansion of the road, hospital and education programmes. He gave the Conference a new slogan: "Expand success and curb excess." The Chancellor's policy was approved with twenty dissentients.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

PRUNING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THE pruning of trees, shrubs and climbers is one of the most important of all garden operations—and one of the least understood. Many amateur gardeners are

completely and hopelessly vague and ignorant on the subject, and, as a result, do a minimum of pruning—or none at all. On the other hand, many paid gardeners, feeling that it's necessary to maintain their professional—or shall we say their "jobbing"—status by doing a certain amount of pruning, do more harm than good by slashing around with knife, shears and secateurs. It is safe to say that, in the long run, no pruning at all is better than bad pruning.

One of the commonest faults in pruning apple trees is due to the mistaken idea that a tree which is making, each summer, a perfect forest of rank vigorous growth may be restrained by hard pruning. That is, by shortening back to an inch or two every one of the long whippy shoots that it has been making during the summer. I came upon an example of this in a garden which my mother occupied many years ago. There were several standard apple trees, about ten or twelve years old, which our enthusiastic young gardener had, for some years, been trying to restrain and bring under control by hard pruning. Each autumn, at leaf-fall, the trees bristled with a perfect forest of whippy 3- to 4-ft. shoots, sprouting from along the whole length of every branch, and each autumn he was pruning back every one of these shoots to a length of a couple of inches or less. Not a single flower-bud had been produced, nor a single apple, since this misguided campaign of hard pruning had started. I gave our young gardener a reasoned explanation of what was wrong. I told him that a vigorous root system below ground was pumping up great quantities of sap, which had to go somewhere, and do something, and that as a result of heavy pruning there was not enough wood left to occupy this sap fully, with the result that it merely went to the production of more and more strong, sappy wood. If the pruning were greatly reduced the result would be more work for the sap-flow to do. Instead of producing an annual crop of long, useless sappy shoots, the tree would begin to settle down to the production of shorter spur-like growth, carrying flower buds and so—apples.

He refused to believe me, so I took entire charge of those trees for a couple of years. Instead of shortening the whippy side-shoots to an inch or two, I left them a good 6 ins. or more long, and the end shoots I left unpruned, or merely removed an inch or two from their tips. The trees looked awful. So unconventional, in fact, that the young gardener very nearly gave notice. I was glad, however, that he stayed on, and so saw the results of my very light pruning. Two years later a few blossoms and a few apples were produced, and the year after that a full crop was gathered. Gradually, in later years, I reduced the long side growths on the branches which had resulted from the first light pruning to more normal dimensions. Those apple trees might have been brought under control and into fruitfulness by another method—root pruning. A few weeks ago I came upon another example of apple trees—bush specimens this time, not standards—which had made a lot of rank growth, and had been pruned hard in an attempt to curb them. The only result had been the production of even ranker growth—and no apples. The gardener in charge was an expert with vegetables, and knew it. But he did not understand fruit, and, fortunately, knew that too. A rough diamond, and a charming fellow. To my relief and delight he did not take umbrage when I dared to give him a suggestive demonstration of the very slight pruning which I felt sure would correct that rank

growth, and, at the same time, induce fruitfulness. A mistake which is often made is the planting of apples grafted on a vigorous crab stock, and then attempting to keep them small by pruning. If small apple trees are required to fit in with a small garden, the best way is to buy bush or half-standard specimens, grafted on one of the dwarfing stocks. These will come into bearing almost at once, and will remain a manageable size of their own free will and without heavy pruning.



A CLEMATIS WHICH FLOWERS ON THE CURRENT YEAR'S WOOD AND NEEDS PRUNING IN THE SPRING: A JACKMANI HYBRID. CC. FLAMMULA, LANUGINOSA AND THE JACKMANI GROUP REQUIRE SIMILAR TREATMENT.
Photographs by J. E. Downward.



A CLEMATIS WHICH FLOWERS ON THE PREVIOUS YEAR'S WOOD AND NEEDS PRUNING IMMEDIATELY AFTER FLOWERING: CLEMATIS CHRYSOCOMA, IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK. SIMILAR TREATMENT IS REQUIRED BY CC. PATENS, FLORIDA, ARMANDI, MONTANA AND ALPINA.

The pruning of clematis is a subject which surprisingly few amateurs understand. Briefly, these lovely climbers fall into two classes, those which flower this year on the long shoots which they produced last summer, and those which flower on the current year's growth. The former class should therefore be pruned directly they have finished flowering. The lovely *Clematis montana* belongs to this class. Its long, trailing stems, wreathed with white or pink blossom, should be shortened right back directly those flowers have faded. A fresh crop of long stems will then be produced to flower next year. The well-known *Clematis jackmani*, on the other hand, flowers on the current year's growth. It should be cut down—all last year's bundle of shoots—to within a foot or two of the ground in spring. The plant will then send up a crop of fresh stems, which may be trained out where they are to flower later in the summer.

The yellow winter-flowering jasmine is seldom pruned as it should be, so that it becomes, in the course of time, a congested mass of dead twigs, and feeble flowering shoots. The plant should be pruned each year directly after its flowering season ends. Each green twig which has carried blossoms should be cut hard back to within an inch or two of its base. If this is done each cut-back stem will at once push out two or three fresh, vigorous stems to flower the following winter.

With clematis, by the by, if in doubt as to what pruning to give each kind, the amateur need only refer to the nursery catalogue of almost any one of the best nursery firms who sell clematis plants, and find out to which classes his various varieties belong, and then refer to the pruning instructions which are given in the introductory pages. A keen amateur gardener should, too, add to his garden library at least one book devoted solely to the art and practice of pruning; such a book, for instance, as the recently published "Pruning for Amateurs,"* by Raymond Bush, who is one of our greatest, or possibly our greatest expert on fruit-growing. In this relatively small and most readable volume, full, exact and delightfully clear details are given of every type and phase of pruning of fruit trees, well illustrated with photographs and diagrams. In addition, there is a useful section devoted to the pruning of flowering shrubs.

To return once more to the subject of pruning apple trees and bushes, one of the earliest, most valuable and most enlightening lessons I ever received was at an experimental fruit station instituted by the then reigning Duke of Bedford at Woburn. That was some fifty years ago. Whether it is still in being I do not know.

The experiment, I remember most clearly, consisted of three plantings of bush apples, each as nearly like its fellow plantings as possible. In one plot the trees had been pruned "according to the book," in the second plot the trees had been pruned very hard, and in the third the trees had never been pruned at all. Exact records had been kept of each plot's

performance from the beginning. The hard-pruned trees showed a poor record as to fruiting, and as to the two others, I forget which showed the best cropping record, the one which had been pruned in the conventional way, or the one which had never been pruned at all. I rather think the unpruned trees had done best. But certainly there was very little in it, which seemed to show clearly that with apples, at any rate, no pruning at all is preferable to hard, heavy pruning.

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* "Pruning for Amateurs." By Raymond Bush. 16 Plates and many line drawings. (Odhams Press, Ltd.; 8s. 6d.)



PROBABLY DATING FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY A.D.: FIGURES FROM THE ROWS OF SITTING NOBLES AND PRINCESSES ON THE TERRACE OF THE LEPER KING AT ANGKOR THOM, IN THE THICK FOREST OF WESTERN CAMBODIA, NEAR THE GREAT LAKE OF TONLÉ SAP.

AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION RECORDED IN STONE: FIGURES FROM THE LEPER KING'S TERRACE AT ANGKOR THOM, CAMBODIA.

Among all the strange and wonderful antiquities of the world there are perhaps none more remarkable and fantastic than the ruins at Angkor, the ancient capital of the Khmer empire, in Cambodia, French Indo-China. Photographs of some of these amazing ruins, taken by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, appear on this and on following pages. The ruins of Angkor Wat, the best preserved example of Khmer architecture, are the subject of a forthcoming book by Mr. Malcolm Macdonald (who was Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia until his recent appointment as British High Commissioner in India).

Mr. Malcolm Macdonald's book is to be illustrated with some of Mr. Loke Wan Tho's striking photographs. Angkor Thom, the ancient Khmer capital, was reconstructed by Jayavarman VII. (A.D. 1181 to c. 1201) after it had been pillaged by the Cham fleet in 1177. This photograph shows the carvings on one of the terraces, that of the Leper King, which probably dates from the twelfth century. This terrace, with its parallel rows of sitting nobles and princesses, is famed for a statue known as the Leper King, which is supposed by some to represent the legendary founder of the Khmer capital, but is more probably an ascetic Siva.

Photograph by Loke Wan Tho.



SURMOUNTED BY SMILING FACES OF AVALOKITESVARA: ONE OF THE GATEWAYS TO THE DEAD CITY OF ANGKOR THOM, THE ANCIENT KHMER CAPITAL.

IN THE STONY HEART OF THE ANCIENT KHMER CIVILIZATION IN CAMBODIA: ONE

In the forests to the north of the Great Lake (Tonlé Sap) stand the magnificent ruins of the Khmer empire. The most conspicuous of the remains are those of the city of Angkor Thom and the temple of Angkor Wat, both of which lie on the right bank of the river Siem Reap. Angkor Thom, which is entered by five monumental

gates (one of which is shown here), lies within a rectangular enclosure some two miles square in which are the remains of palaces and temples, overgrown by the forest. The heart of Angkor Thom is the temple of Bayon, with its galleries and towers, the latter decorated, as is the one shown in our photograph (right), with quadruple faces



IN THE TEMPLE OF BAYON, THE MOST REMARKABLE OF KHMER REMAINS: A TOWER BUILT BY JAYAVARMA VII., BEARING THE FACES OF AVALOKITESVARA.

OF THE GATEWAYS TO ANGKOR THOM, AND A TOWER IN THE TEMPLE OF BAYON.

of Avalokitesvara, which were formerly supposed to represent Brahma. In the words of P. Jeannerat de Beerski, author of "Angkor. Ruins in Cambodia," "The Bayon is the whole Cambodian nation turned to stone; from the summit of the central tower to the level of the ground all the qualities and vices, all the graces and

baseness which distinguished that race are disclosed. . . Indeed, the entire kingdom and its inhabitants can be said to be contained in the area enclosed within the surrounding wall." It is little wonder that the whole temple ranks as perhaps the most remarkable of all the Khmer remains. [Photographs by Luke Wan Tho.]



SOME EIGHTEEN MILES FROM THE TOWN OF SIEM REAP: THE BEAUTIFUL TENTH-CENTURY TEMPLE OF BANTEAY SREI, WHICH IS A LITTLE GEM OF KHMER ARCHITECTURE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE CENTRAL SHRINE WITH THE STONE GUARDIANS WHICH STILL KEEP THEIR LONG VIGIL.

WITH ITS STONE GUARDIANS OF MONKEYS AND LION-HEADED BEASTS: THE CENTRAL SHRINE IN THE TEMPLE OF BANTEAY SREI.

One of the most delightful of the smaller gems of Khmer architecture is some eighteen miles from Siem Reap, in the vicinity of Angkor, in Cambodia. This is the beautiful tenth-century temple of Banteay Srei which was built during the reign of Jayavarman V. (A.D. 968-1001). It was Jayavarman VII. (A.D. 1181 to c. 1201) who reconstructed the city of Angkor Thom after it was pillaged by the Cham fleet in 1177, and who was the last of the long line of Angkorean monarchs. But for two centuries after his death Angkor was still renowned for

its treasures, gold and gems, temples and palaces, and it was not until the end of the fourteenth century that the mighty buildings were abandoned to the forests. To-day, holders of British passports can visit Angkor from Bangkok during week-end excursions which are sponsored by Thai Airways. Twice-monthly excursions, costing Malayan dollars, can also be made from Singapore. Difficulties in visiting these magnificent ruins only seem to arise when travellers require *visas* for journeys there other than for the schedule week-end excursions.

Photograph by Loke Wan Tho.

THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO: FIGHTING IN THE ATLAS, AND PARIS REPERCUSSIONS.



MEN OF THE FOREIGN LEGION ON THEIR WAY TO IMMOUZER, IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS, FOR CLEANING-UP OPERATIONS AFTER ATTACKS BY REBEL TRIBESMEN ON OCTOBER 2.



SCOUT CARS MANNED BY MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION WERE SENT TO THE IMMOUZER AREA, WHERE SOME OF THE HEAVIEST FIGHTING TOOK PLACE.



SHATTERED AND BURNED DURING THE ATTACK ON IMMOUZER: THE HOME OF A POLITICAL OFFICER, WHO IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED.



SITTING ALONE IN THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: THE PRIME MINISTER, M. EDGAR FAURE, DURING THE CRITICAL DEBATE ON THE MOROCCAN SITUATION.



A WOUNDED FRENCH OFFICER IS HELPED FROM AN AMBULANCE, AFTER BEING RESCUED FROM ONE OF THE BESIEGED OUTPOSTS.



BURYING A COMRADE KILLED DURING THE IMMOUZER UPRISING, IN WHICH MANY FRENCH CASUALTIES WERE SUSTAINED: MEN OF THE FOREIGN LEGION.



CARRYING PIECES OF WHITE RAG ATTACHED TO STICKS: BERBER TRIBESMEN SURRENDERING TO THE FRENCH NEAR IMMOUZER, SCENE OF A RECENT ATTACK AND MASSACRE.

Grave developments in Morocco have done much to complicate the situation in French North Africa, and have hastened a Cabinet crisis in Paris. On Sunday, October 2, there began an outbreak of attacks by rebel Moroccan commando forces and tribesmen. Three forts were attacked in the Spanish frontier area, known as the Southern Rif, and two others, one of which was Immuizer, in the Middle Atlas region. Few details of the fighting are known, but it is reported that casualties, both among civilians and military personnel, were heavy. Relief columns of the French Army drove back the attackers, but though fighting

quickly died down in the Immuizer area, it spread elsewhere, particularly in the eastern "corridor," which separates Spanish Morocco from Algeria. At the time of writing the fighting continues. These events have caused serious repercussions in the French political scene. Four of the five Gaullist Ministers, who had for some time been in disagreement with the Government's Moroccan policy, resigned on October 6. In the ensuing debate in the National Assembly, M. Faure defended his Moroccan policy, and was expected to ask for a vote of confidence. At this stage the Government's position appeared to be very precarious.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. DÜRER AND THE HOLBEIN FAMILY.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

such as the idea of the "four humours" thought to control the body? "Before Adam had bitten the apple, man's constitution was perfectly balanced; it was believed that only the destruction of this original equilibrium made the human organism subject to illness and death and the human soul susceptible to vices"—and, to be brief, the "four humours" were deliberately symbolised in this print by the elk (melancholic gloom), the rabbit (sanguine sensuality), the cat (choleric cruelty) and the ox

became impossible because she was neglected; others follow the opinion of Dürer's lifelong friend, Pirckheimer, that she hastened her husband's end by her greed and pious nastiness. The truth seems to be that Dürer rose in the world not only in a material sense, but mentally, becoming the intimate of learned and famous men, and his wife was incapable of rising with him. There is an interesting phrase in a letter he wrote from Italy in 1507. By then he was held in great honour both at home, in Nuremberg, and abroad, but he could still feel some degree of social inferiority, for he writes: "How shall I long for the sun in the cold; here I am a gentleman, at home I am a parasite." By 1512 he was on friendly terms with the Emperor Maximilian I., and the rest of his life (he died in 1528) was a long series of successes.

It is, I think, unusually difficult for the eye of to-day to take his measure—the measure of the man who bridged the gulf between the tradition of the North and the new learning from the South, and succeeded in letting light into the rather narrow traditions of the Germany of his day. Somehow we have lost the key and can see only the ambitious goldsmith's apprentice showing us how clever and industrious he is with so much niggling detail. One moment we are exasperated, the next enchanted by some delightful fantasy. As a study of the man and his work, I prophesy with confidence that this book will have no comparable successor for at least a generation.

No such claim will be made by either author or publisher for "Drawings by the Holbein Family,"† which makes no pretension to thoroughness. There have been numerous volumes devoted to Hans Holbein the Younger, whom most of us appreciate—rightly or wrongly—far better than we do Dürer. Here we have a selection of the drawings of father and brother as well—sixty in all—and uncommonly interesting it is to see the three together. Hans Holbein the Elder was slightly older than Dürer. The elder son, Ambrosius, was born in 1494 and died probably after 1521, while the younger Hans was born in 1497 and died in London in 1543. We are all familiar with the Windsor series of drawings by the latter; they are so well known that we scarcely look at them closely. When we do (and they reproduce marvellously well) we begin to see what brilliant, uncompromisingly honest portraits they are, and how great were the gifts of their maker. Yet had Hans the Younger died

FIG. 1. "SELF-PORTRAIT OF 1484," BY ALBRECHT DÜRER, DRAWN WHEN THE ARTIST WAS ONLY THIRTEEN. (Vienna, Albertina. 11 × 7½ ins.)

(phlegmatic sluggishness); moreover, the wise and benevolent parrot is there as contrast to the diabolical serpent.

Many find this kind of lore fascinating, and it obviously enables us to appreciate the background in which Dürer grew up; some of us find it tedious and turn with relief to the accounts of Dürer's travels, of his contacts with the great and the near-great, and of his researches into the theories of perspective, and so forth, which make him so important a figure in the history of northern graphic art—for, I suppose, everyone will agree that it is as an engraver and draughtsman, rather than as a painter, that he is best remembered; as the author puts it, though he was famous as a painter, he became an international figure only in his capacity of engraver and woodcut designer. "His prints set a new standard of graphic perfection for more than a century, and served as models for countless other prints, as well as for paintings, sculptures, enamels, tapestries, plaques and faïences, and this not only in Germany, but also in Italy, in France, in the Low Countries, in Russia, in Spain and, indirectly, even in Persia." Either we misinterpret the famous portrait or the portrait belies the man, for all the evidence seems to show that Dürer was good company, a firm friend, simple and generous, with a sense of humour and the reverse of precious.

He seems to have been pleasant to the whole world except to his wife, who, poor girl, was obviously far below his intellectual standard; the Diary of his Journey to the Netherlands in 1520-21 reveals that Dürer either dined out with his friends or, if he remained in the inn, dined alone or with the landlord, while his wife and the maid ate together "in the upper kitchen." Not the way to treat a wife, however dim. Some argue that she was a good creature and only

in 1521 instead of 1543, it would most likely be his father whom we should consider as the equal of Dürer; the justified fame of the son has completely eclipsed that of the older man. This volume gives us the best of the family workshop, for the two boys learnt their job from the father; and it ends with the best of the younger son.

WE all know perfectly well that we should not judge people by their looks or their dress or their photographs, or by the interpretation which a painter gives to their features. This last is a matter between the sitter and the painter, and either or both of them may be having an off day. What are we to make of it when sitter and painter are the self-same person, are presumably satisfied with the portrait, and want us to accept it as the faithful image of themselves? Even then, perhaps, we are not justified in taking the fellow at his own valuation, and therefore I like to persuade myself that Albrecht Dürer was not, in fact, the overdressed, supercilious, self-opinionated fop he appears to be in that famous self-portrait of 1498 (Fig. 3), when he was twenty-seven, which is to be seen at the Prado in the Spanish Royal Collection (Plate 109 of this book). Much more pleasant to call to mind the gifted little boy of thirteen (Fig. 1), which is No. 1 of the 325 illustrations to Dr. Panofsky's very full "The Life and Art of Albrecht Dürer,"* which is itself a portable edition of a larger previous publication. The study of drawings, of woodcuts, of engravings, of paintings is so detailed and meticulous in what must be between 600,000 and 700,000 words of text, that the task of reading every page becomes formidable, and one begins to grow weary of such Teutonic thoroughness and to become scared lest, in doing your best to penetrate so much undergrowth, you lose sight of the majesty of the wood itself.

The answer is that the treatment is exactly suited to the strange personality of the subject, who would himself take such immense pains, as a matter of course, over what might appear to be the most trivial details, the meaning of which, so we learn, would be clear enough to his contemporaries, whereas to us they seem nothing more than enchanting decorations, thrown into an already crowded scene for good measure. For example, who of us looking at the superb "Adam and Eve" (Fig. 2)—I suppose the most famous of all engravings—would realise that educated



FIG. 2. THE SUPERB ENGRAVING "ADAM AND EVE," OF 1504, IS FULL OF INTRICATE SYMBOLISM, WHICH IS OUTLINED IN THE TEXT. (10 × 7½ ins.)

people who first saw it in 1504 would not only admire it for its obvious qualities, as we do, but would recognise in its minor details well-established notions,

* "The Life and Art of Albrecht Dürer." By Erwin Panofsky. 325 Colotype illustrations. (Princeton University Press—London: Geoffrey Cumberlege; 70s.)

† "Drawings by the Holbein Family." Selected and with an Introduction by Edmund Schilling. 61 Illustrations, one in Colour. (The Macmillan Company—Holbein Verlag; 15s.)



FIG. 3. THE FAMOUS "SELF-PORTRAIT OF 1498," SHOWING DÜRER AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN, IS NOW AT THE PRADO, IN MADRID. The illustrations on this page are reproduced from "The Life and Art of Albrecht Dürer"; by courtesy of the publishers, Princeton University Press; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege.

TEN YEARS OF WORK BY MICHAEL AYRTON: EXHIBITION AT THE WHITECHAPEL GALLERY.



THE exhibition of the work of Michael Ayrton, which is being shown at the Whitechapel Art Gallery until October 30, is one of a series which the Trustees of the Gallery "intend to arrange from time to time in order to provide the public with a retrospective view of the work of a number of younger British artists." Mr. Ayrton is thirty-four, and ten years of his work is now being shown.

[Continued below.]

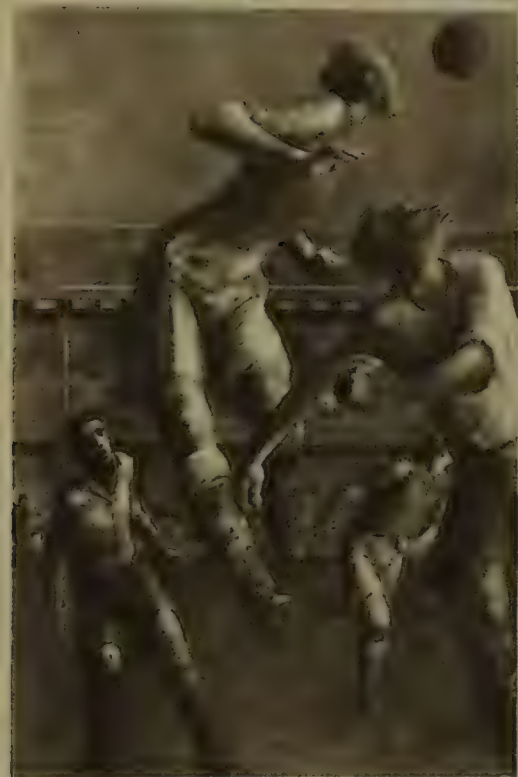
(RIGHT.)

"VARIATION ON AN ARMCHAIR III." IS CLEVERLY COMPOSED. THE CAT, HERE LOOKING VERY SATISFIED, FEATURES IN MANY OF THE PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS.

(Pen and dilute ink; 24½ by 19 ins. 1952.)



"THE UNFORESEEN EVENT," A LIVELY AND EXPRESSIVE STUDY BY MICHAEL AYRTON. (Wash drawing; 19 by 25 ins. 1952.)



"ARSENAL V. ASTON VILLA" HAS PROVED TO BE VERY POPULAR AT WHITECHAPEL. (Oil on canvas; 42 by 26½ ins. 1952.)



"STORM CLOUD," ONE OF THE EARLIEST WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION, WAS PAINTED IN MARCH 1945. (Oil on board; 16 by 16 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF CONSTANT LAMBERT," DRAWN IN 1951, THE YEAR OF THE WELL-KNOWN COMPOSER'S DEATH. (Pen and sepia wash on buff paper; 17 by 12½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF WYNDHAM LEWIS" IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT RECENT WORKS IN THE WHITECHAPEL EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 40 ins. 1955.)

[Continued.]

This includes paintings, drawings, book illustration and theatre design, as well as a considerable amount of sculpture, a new venture, which the artist started in 1953. There have been many exhibitions of Michael Ayrton's work since the war, but this is the first time that such a wide, retrospective exhibition has been held. "Looking, not without surprise, at ten years of work," writes the artist in his Notes in the catalogue, "I can see for the first time what has been



"PORTRAIT OF SIR WILLIAM WALTON." THIS IMPORTANT PAINTING NOW BELONGS TO THE LEICESTERSHIRE EDUCATION AUTHORITY. (Oil on canvas; 24 by 36 ins. 1948.)

happening to me . . ." It is an experience shared by the viewer, for in the spacious Gallery the artist's development is clearly to be seen, and it is in many ways a satisfying development in which "the extraordinary measure of his accomplishment with its wide range of expression and mastery of many techniques is clearly evident." Exhibitions such as this will do much to help our younger artists, and at Whitechapel they will be seen by an unusually wide public.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HIPPOS AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

MANY arguments can be raised for conserving the shattered remnants of our wild life. Not the least important, although it is seldom sufficiently emphasised, is that every species has something to contribute to the total mosaic of knowledge. That mosaic is very far from complete, and we cannot afford to lose anything that might supply missing pieces. The latest support for these remarks is contained in a recent monograph on the hippopotamus. This was the first of the big African animals to be brought to Europe, so it has been known to us for over 2000 years. Yet our knowledge of its habits

to some extent, the courtesies and deference paid by men to women. The penalty for non-observance of the rules is more severe for hippos than humans. The erring male hippopotamus will find himself driven out by force, the females combining, if necessary, to do this.

It is inevitable in such a crèche-system that the mother is responsible for the education of the young. It has long been debatable whether any animal mother educates her young except by example. Verheyen

found definite evidence of a systematic education. Soon after the young is born the mother takes it for walks on land. These rambles are different from the journeys made to pasture in that the wanderings are random. Throughout, the youngster must walk level with the mother's neck, presumably where it will be kept in sight. If the mother quickens her pace the youngster must do likewise. If she stops, it must stop. In water the youngster must swim at her shoulder. On land a female, lighter in weight and more agile, has the advantage of a male, but in water his larger tusks and greater weight give him the advantage. If intercepted by a male of ill-intent, the mother swims quickly forward and to one side,

putting herself between the bull and her offspring. When going to pasture the youngster must walk behind, and if she has more than one young they walk in order of precedence, the elder bringing up the rear.

A female hippopotamus may have two or three young of varying age around her at one time, for there is but one young at birth, and each stays with her several years. All are brought up to show strict obedience. The

than it hurts you." At all events, the punishment concluded and the lesson learnt, the mother licks the repentant juvenile and caresses it with her muzzle.

This drastic upbringing is to fit the young to take their place in a turbulent society, in which fights are frequent and not uncommonly end in the death of one of the participants. Fighting takes place especially between the males, not so much in rivalry for the females, as to maintain or gain a social dominance. The plan of the community makes this inevitable, for, in addition to the central crèche with its two to six dominant males, there are scattered beyond these the refuges of the socially inferior males and those still sub-adult. Such a young or inferior male may be up to three miles away from the crèche, and to reach a permanent position near it he must fight successfully.

A female, as has been said, enjoys the advantage on land, and in the water makes up for her lack of weight and size of tusks by the fury in her when she realises her baby is in danger. Moreover, if she shows signs of losing the fight, another female will come to her aid. This is not the limit of their co-operation, however, which is best seen in the care of the young.



WITH A GROUP OF YOUNGSTERS WHICH HAVE BEEN ENTRUSTED TO HER CARE: A FEMALE HIPPO (RIGHT) "BABY-SITTING" FOR A NUMBER OF HIPPO MOTHERS. A HIPPOPOTAMUS COMMUNITY (OR HERD) COMPRISES A CENTRAL GROUP OF FEMALES AND YOUNG GOVERNED BY A MATRIARCHY AND KNOWN AS A CRÈCHE. HERE THE FEMALE LEAVES HER YOUNG ONES WHEN, FOR ANY REASON, SHE HAS NEED TO LEAVE THIS CENTRAL TERRITORY.

Reproduced from "Monographie Éthologique de l'Hippopotame," by René Verheyen.

until now has been negligible, and that little has not always been correct.

Taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by the National Parks in the Belgian Congo, René Verheyen has made a close study of the hippo. The results are embodied in his masterly "Monographie Éthologique de l'Hippopotame." The first thing we learn from this is that our ideas on the social structure of a hippopotamus community are wrong. It has always been asserted that the herd is under the leadership and protection of an old and experienced male. In fact, the community is ruled by a matriarchy. This is only one of many long-held ideas to be upset by intensive studies of animals during the last decade or so.

The core of the hippopotamus community is the crèche, occupied by up to fifty females and young. It is usually located on a sandbank in mid-stream, or on a raised bank of the river or of a lake. The matriarchal territory also includes a portion of the adjacent water, the sandbank or other dry land being used for resting. Surrounding the crèche are two to six males of high standing in the hippo hierarchy. Each of these occupies a definite area of the water, which has been called his refuge. Each controls some portion of the paths leading inland to pasture, and each has under his surveillance a sector of the crèche. To some extent, therefore, the community combines a matriarchy and a series of harems, but the emphasis is on the matriarchy.

In the rutting season it is the female who goes out and chooses her mate. At other times, females may visit a refuge, paying a social call, so to speak. The male will repay these calls, but he does so on the females' terms. A male visiting his sector of the crèche must do so with no sign of aggressive intent. Quite the reverse, he must do so with humility. The method of showing this is interesting in the extreme. If, while he is making his way into his sector of the crèche, one of the females rises, the visiting male must lie down. Only when the female resumes the prone position may he rise once more. This is interesting, because it recalls so forcibly the human behaviour in the committee-room or the debating chamber, and,



A FEMALE HIPPOPOTAMUS WHICH HAS BEEN ALARMED HAS HALF-RISEN IN THE WATER. MEANWHILE HER OFFSPRING IS IN THE CONVENTIONAL POSITION AT HER SHOULDER.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge.

penalty for disobedience is punishment. The mother lashes the erring youngster with her head, often rolling it over and over in the process. The punishment is continued until the youngster shows signs of submission to the maternal will, cowering as a dog will when admonished. A refractory young hippo, or one growing too big for its boots, will be slashed by the maternal tusks if need be, to the point of being gashed on its flanks; but a hippo's wounds heal remarkably quickly. This is harsh treatment of offspring by a mother, but one can imagine the female hippo saying, if she could speak: "This hurts me more



SOON AFTER THE YOUNG IS BORN THE MOTHER HIPPOPOTAMUS TAKES HER BABY ON LAND FOR RANDOM WANDERINGS, DURING WHICH SHE TEACHES IT THE CORRECT WAY TO WALK WITH HER.

Baby-sitting was not invented by the human race: hippos brought it to a fine art long before. If a female is leaving the crèche for any reason, she places her youngster in charge of another female, and this one may have several already under her supervision. The way for this is made easy, for hippo mothers with babes of a similar age tend to come together in groups within the crèche.

Although Verheyen gives convincing observations to support his contention that the mothers educate their offspring, he also leaves us in no doubt that, as we should expect, the young hippo makes its own contribution. One thing alone is highly significant. It seems that the youngsters tend to play with those their own age, but, more important, the young females play together and the young males play with other little boys, so to speak. The games

are a kind of hide-and-seek, or rolling over in the water with legs held stiffly out, and so on. But whereas the young females play the more gentle games, the young males show a marked tendency to indulge in mock-fights as well.

In a society founded on force it is natural that the young should learn to fight, but it is not the adult habits influencing the young, but rather the inherited tendencies of the young determining what the adults shall do. The play of young hippos foreshadows the matriarchy surrounded by male despots engaged in perpetual strife.



(INSET.) THE MAN WHO REFUSED A £30,000,000 BRIBE: SHEIKH ZAID BIN SULTAN, WHO REPRESENTS HIS BROTHER, THE RULER OF ABU DHABI, IN THE BURAIMI OASIS; AND HIS FORT AT MUWAIQIH IN THE BURAIMI OASIS. IN THE BACKGROUND RISES JEBEL HAFIT.

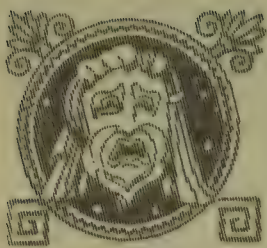


THE INTERIOR OF MUWAIQIH FORT, WITH, IN THE FOREGROUND, A SMALL PLAIN MOSQUE. (Photograph by Mr. Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O.)

THE MAN WHO REFUSED AN ARABIAN BRIBE OF £30,000,000: SHEIKH ZAID; AND HIS FORT IN THE BURAIMI OASIS.

The breakdown of the Buraimi Oasis Arbitration Tribunal owing to the resignation of the British member, Sir Reader Bullard, and the subsequent resignation of its president, the eminent Belgian jurist, Dr. Charles de Visscher, led to a statement issued on October 4 by the Foreign Office, listing the various items of Saudi Arabian behaviour which had caused the breakdown of the tribunal. In this list of threats and corrupt practices, together with attempts at *coups d'état*, there was included the story of a remarkable loyalty and steadfastness. Although the matter is now, of course, *sub judice*, it has usually been assumed that the Buraimi oasis consists of eight villages, six belonging to the Sheikh of Abu Dhabi and two to the Sultan of Muscat. Those belonging to Abu Dhabi

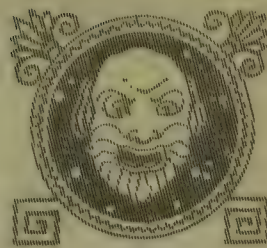
are administered by Sheikh Zaid bin Sultan, a brother of the ruler of Abu Dhabi. On March 30 Abdullah al Quraishi, ostensibly a clerk but actually a Saudi Arabian political officer, offered Sheikh Zaid a bribe to throw in his lot with the Saudis, and Quraishi also said that however the arbitration went, the Saudis would take the area, if necessary by force. Later an emissary offered the Sheikh a new car and 40,000 rupees; and on August 4 Quraishi increased the bribe to 400,000,000 rupees (£30,000,000) if he would prevent the Iraq Petroleum Co. operating in the area and leave the field open to Aramco. Sheikh Zaid loyally reported these approaches to his brother, the ruler of Abu Dhabi, and also to Captain Clayton, the commander of the police in the Buraimi zone.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

VENICE AND HEPBURN AND "HEATHCLIFF."

By ALAN DENT.



IT seemed to me, poster-gazing in Leicester Square the other day, that publicity prose had reached a new level when I saw the following printed alongside a garish design of gondolas and palaces and towers and the head of Miss Hepburn, with her fine, strong teeth bared in rapture: "It Happens to Hepburn. It Happens in Venice. All the pent-up passion of her life explodes one night in the splendour of the world's most fabulous city." This was, of course, an advertisement for Mr. David Lean's new film, "Summer Madness," and the sheer floridity of the caption very nearly made me decide to miss "Summer Madness." I am glad it did not succeed, as it turns out. But it does make me wonder why a director of Mr. Lean's distinction (with Mr. H. E. Bates he is part-author of the film as well) should not be able to exercise some control, however remote, over the excesses of the poster-makers and the advertising department in general. Advertisement—so they tell me—has to be striking and assertive. But surely, if it is hideous and exaggerated enough to be definitely off-putting, it is simply defeating its own purpose?

In point of fact, this is an irresistible film which will give the filmgoer who has never had the luck or the means to go to Venice the simple, sheer delight of a first gondola trip through the magic waterways and past the mouldering, Byronic palaces. It will, further, give the filmgoer already aware of these enchantments a very pleasant reawakening of the old nostalgia. It is a barcarolle—and almost the Chopin Barcarolle at that—in terms of colour. Having said which, one hastens to add—for the powers that create these features are immensely sensitive about

Miss Hepburn plays a timid and almost haggard American secretary who has been saving up for this trip for a long time. She is lonely and wary for the first few hours of her visit. But love comes to her in the person of an antique-dealer rather more than her own age. She is Jane and he is Renato (a good and shrewd performance by Rossano Brazzi). She is plain Jane hankering after just a little nonsense,

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



KATHARINE HEPBURN AS JANE HUDSON IN "SUMMER MADNESS," PRODUCED BY DAVID LEAN.

In selecting Miss Katharine Hepburn as his choice for the outstanding film actress of the fortnight, Mr. Alan Dent writes: "Gawky, mannered, too often over-intense about nothing in particular, Miss Katharine Hepburn must still be declared to be several streets—or, rather, a whole Grand Canal—ahead of any other performer of late for her brilliant piece of self-exposition in the modern Venetian romance, 'Summer Madness' (now at the Leicester Square Theatre)."

and he is twinkling Renato patently, but also patiently, ready to supply it. "We see each other—we like each other—witch is so nice!" is the kind of way Renato talks to Jane, now and again adding a touch of materialistic and Italianate philosophy about the folly of allowing spirituality to mar the pleasure of the passing moment. Jane listens and heeds and shrinks and withdraws and then topples. Then there comes the one

surprise, which is no surprise at all. It is, in fact, rather a weakness in the story that the cautious Jane should not ask point-blank at the outset whether Renato has any firm home-ties or not, and whether the growing lads whom, with his delightfully inadequate English, he calls his "nieces" are not much closer to him than mere nephews.

The film begins, as it ends, on that interminable bridge by which one approaches, or recedes from, Venice by rail or car. This simple device gives it an entirely satisfying pattern. But the core of it is, of course, Venice itself, with the assertive and handsomely

gaunt Miss Hepburn—one-quarter a Meredith character and three-quarters a Henry James one—giving quite her best performance since "The African Queen." She acts up to the best of her well-earned reputation in this film. But Venice surpasses itself.

A black cat steals rather too much of the attention in another British-made film called "Touch and Go." It is an admittedly good-looking, large, jet-black cat with an admittedly rather endearing trick of keeping the sulky tip of its tongue permanently protruding from its black face. It sulks because the family which adores and pampers it—Jack Hawkins as father, Margaret Johnston as mother, June Thorburn as daughter—is proposing to go to Australia to mend its fortunes and in the process to leave the cat behind with a neighbour. The cat is styled *Heathcliff* for the not-at-all-bad reason that it has a good deal of the saturninity of the villain-hero of "Wuthering Heights." It is an obsessive cat. I find, indeed, that it is impossible to describe the rather trivial little plot of "Touch and Go" because *Heathcliff* keeps getting in the way. It gets in everybody's way. It lurks at the top of the stairs when Mr. Hawkins is coming down to interview his daughter's suddenly-acquired suitor (winningly played by John Fraser), with the result that Mr. Hawkins descends precipitately and head first, instead of feet foremost. *Heathcliff* is determined to keep his family well away from the Antipodes, and *Heathcliff* is accustomed to getting his own way. The film has some other background advantages, such as Roland Culver and Margaret Halstan. But *Heathcliff* steals it even from Mr. Hawkins, who has to pretend to be a furniture-salesman but cannot escape looking much more like a testy naval-commander home on leave.

A very little of cat—even a *Heathcliff*—goes quite a long way with me. But I am grateful to *Heathcliff* for giving me an idea, and any film-magnate is welcome to the idea in return for, say, a month's free and all-expenses-paid holiday in Venice. It is that a film might be made of Miss Clemence Dane's fine play about the Brontë family called "Wild Decembers." Only a piece of miscasting prevented this play from



A LIVELY SCENE FROM "SUMMER MADNESS" (LONDON FILMS), WHICH FEATURES SOME SUPERB PHOTOGRAPHY OF VENICE. JANE (KATHARINE HEPBURN) FALLS BACKWARDS INTO A VENETIAN CANAL, AS MAURO (GAITANO AUDIERO) STANDS BY HELPLESSLY. (LONDON PREMIERE: SEPTEMBER 30, LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE.)

their credits—that this picture was "filmed on location in Venice, Italy, in Eastman Colour—print by Technicolor." Mr. Lean and his photographer, Mr. Jack Hildyard, seem to have gone everywhere in and around and even above Venice (shunning only the seamier and unseemlier *calle* or water-alleys), and perhaps the most exhilarating shot of all gives us the Piazza di San Marco at night from the edge of the roof of the cathedral itself—a quite breathtaking affair. But it has no uncomfortable sense of peril about it, for somehow we are made to feel that we are quite comfortably seated over a late coffee at Florian's, listening to a not very good band playing Rossini.



"A BLACK CAT STEALS RATHER TOO MUCH OF THE ATTENTION IN ANOTHER BRITISH-MADE FILM CALLED 'TOUCH AND GO' [MICHAEL BALCON PRODUCTION]. AN "OFF-SET" SCENE, SHOWING THE STARS, (L. TO R.) JACK HAWKINS, JUNE THORBURN AND MARGARET JOHNSTON, WITH *HEATHCLIFF*, THEIR FAMILY CAT IN THE FILM, SITTING ON THE STOOL WHICH BORE HIS NAME. (LONDON PREMIERE: SEPTEMBER 29, ODEON, MARBLE ARCH.)

making a great success away back in 1932. In it the part of Emily Brontë seems to me to be cut to the exact measure of none other than this same actress Katharine Hepburn, whose moodiness would be quite as effective by the becks of Hawthorth as it is by the Grand Canal.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



THE NEW AMBASSADOR IN JEDDAH:
MR. R. W. PARKES.

Mr. Roderick Wallis Parkes, formerly Counsellor in the British Embassy at Jakarta, has been appointed Ambassador at Jeddah, in succession to Mr. Harold Beeley. Mr. Parkes, who is forty-six, has already had wide experience in the Middle East. Anglo-Saudi Arabian relations are at present strained, after the recent breakdown of the hearings on the Buraimi dispute at Geneva.



A DISTINGUISHED SAILOR DIES:
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR MALCOLM GOLDSMITH.

Vice-Admiral Sir Malcolm Lennon Goldsmith died on board his yacht *Diotima*, off Greece, on October 4. He was seventy-five. Holding a distinguished service record in the First World War, he emerged from retirement in 1939 as a Commodore in the Royal Naval Reserve and sailed on most of the chief convoy routes, including the exacting and hazardous Arctic route to Murmansk.



DEATH OF A FAMOUS CHARACTER
ACTOR: MR. O. B. CLARENCE.

For more than half-a-century one of the most accomplished character actors on the English stage, Mr. O. B. Clarence died at Hove, Sussex, on October 2, at the age of eighty-five. Almost from the outset of his career he took the parts of crotchety old men, such as Justice Shallow, and went on doing so when himself an old man. Outstanding among his self-effacing performances was that as the Inquisitor in Shaw's "St. Joan."



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF GREECE:
MR. KARAMANLIS.

After the formal resignation of the Papagos Cabinet, in which he was the Minister of Public Works, Mr. Constantine Karamanlis was asked by King Paul on October 5 to form a new Cabinet. Mr. Karamanlis, who is forty-eight, will be Minister of Defence as well as Prime Minister. He declared that the composition of the new Government was designed to preserve the Greek Rally Party's unity.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF VIENNA DIES:
CARDINAL INNITZER, PRIMATE OF AUSTRIA.

Cardinal Theodor Innitzer, Primate of Austria, died in Vienna on October 9, aged seventy-nine. Although a German by birth, he spent his whole ecclesiastical career in Austria. He was appointed Archbishop in 1932, and was elevated to the Sacred College of Cardinals in the following year. He was the centre of a violent controversy in 1938, when he was believed to be supporting Hitler's plan for Austrian union with Germany, but his relations with the Nazis soon deteriorated. He was swift in protesting against each further encroachment on liberty, and commanded throughout the war the sincere devotion of his people.



SHAKING HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE AT THE START OF THEIR DISCUSSIONS ON THE SAAR: M. FAURE (LEFT) AND DR. ADENAUER.

On October 5, the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, and the French Prime Minister, M. Faure, met at Luxembourg to discuss the Saar Agreement in the light of the plebiscite to be held on October 23, in which the Saarlanders will vote to accept the statute or to reject it. The two leaders issued a joint statement at the close of the talks stressing that the Saar Agreement is a component part of Franco-German co-operation and friendship, to which they are committed. The purpose of the talks was to emphasise Franco-German agreement on the statute, which is likely to arouse strong opposition in the Saar.



DEATH OF THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER:
FIELD MARSHAL ALEXANDER PAPAGOS.

After a prolonged illness, Field Marshal Papagos died at his home near Athens on October 4, at the age of seventy-one. His brilliant military record culminated with his appointment as Commander-in-Chief in 1940, when he created a strong Greek army out of the disorganised force then in existence. After the war he was very largely responsible for overcoming the Communist rebels. After previous excursions into politics, he devoted himself entirely to politics when he formed the Greek Rally Party in 1951. He became Prime Minister in 1952 and afterwards showed an exceptional administrative ability.



THE NEW COMMISSIONER-GENERAL IN S.E. ASIA:
SIR ROBERT SCOTT.

Sir Robert Scott, who is to succeed Mr. Malcolm MacDonald as Commissioner-General for South-East Asia, left London Airport for Singapore on October 8 to take up his appointment. Unlike his predecessor, Sir Robert, who is forty-nine, will be responsible to the Prime Minister, but will report to the Foreign Office and Colonial Office on matters concerning those departments. Few Europeans have a wider knowledge of the Far East.



A LAWYER AND POLITICIAN DIES:
LORD ALNESS.

After a long career in politics and the law, Lord Alness died at Bournemouth on October 6, aged eighty-seven. Appointed Lord Advocate in 1913, he became Secretary for Scotland three years later, and in 1922 he was appointed Lord Justice-Clerk. He subsequently served as president and chairman of the Scottish War Savings Committee.



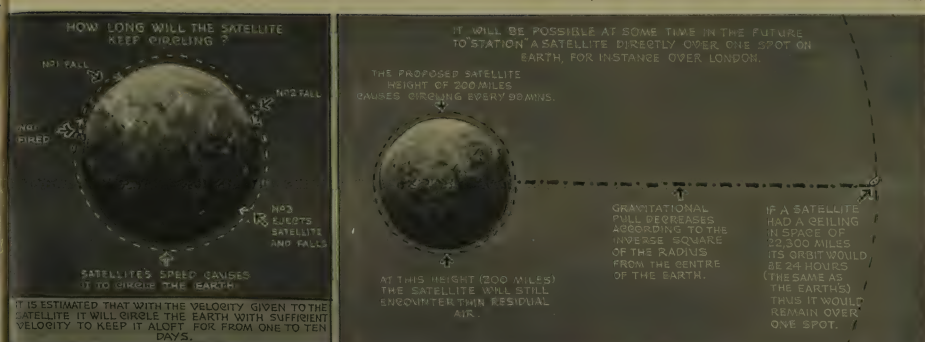
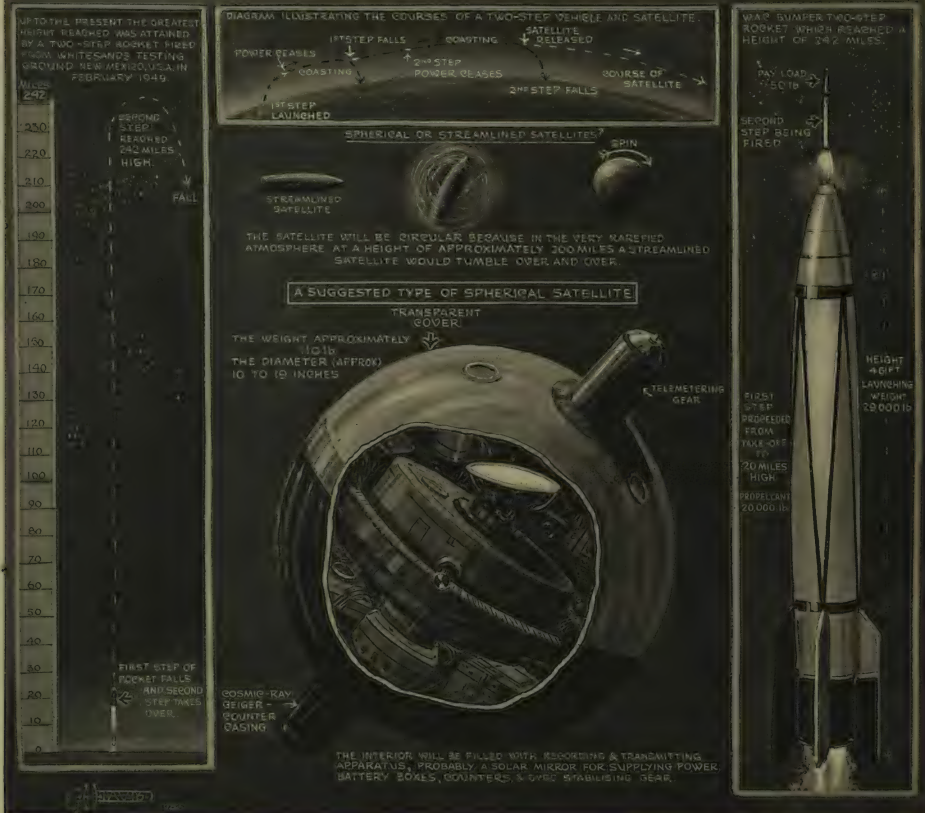
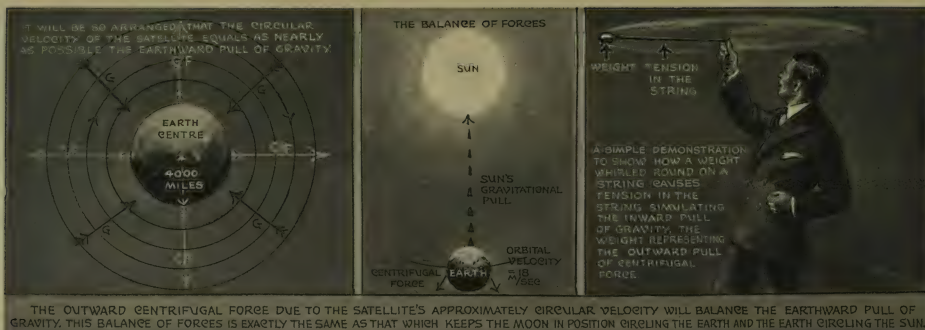
TO LEAVE B.O.A.C. FOR ROLLS-ROYCE:
MR. WHITNEY STRAIGHT.

The deputy chairman of British Overseas Airways since 1949, Mr. Whitney Straight is leaving the Corporation at the end of this month to join the board of Rolls-Royce, and on January 1 will take over the duties of executive vice-chairman of the Company from Mr. A. G. Elliott, who is retiring. Mr. Straight is forty-two.



THE NEW FRENCH DEFENCE MINISTER:
GENERAL PIERRE BILLOTTE.

On October 6, four Gaullist Ministers, including the Minister of Defence, General Koenig, resigned from M. Faure's Cabinet. General Billotte was appointed Minister of Defence later on the same day. A former Assistant Chief of Staff of National Defence, General Billotte has now flown to Morocco, to study the situation out there and to restore the Government's reform policy.



FIRST STEPS IN SPACE TRAVEL: THE U.S. "PROJECT VANGUARD," IN WHICH A MAN-MADE

It was announced from the White House on July 29 that the United States is to launch small unmanned satellites into space during the international geophysical year 1957-58. One of these satellites, perhaps measuring about 19 in. in diameter and weighing some 110 lb., will reach a height of from 200 to 300 miles. At this altitude, it will still be subjected to gravitational pull, countered by the centrifugal force imparted by an impetus considerably greater than the spin of the earth. The satellite will be in orbit for about 10 to 15 days, for two hours, and may remain aloft for several days. At a height of 200 miles there is still a residual atmosphere which will have a braking effect on the satellite.

thus, as it hurtles round the earth, the check imposed by the atmosphere combined with the gravitational pull will narrow its slightly elliptical course into a spiral, so that all the time it will be gradually falling. When the approach becomes so close that this effect will become pronounced until finally the intense friction caused by encountering atmospheric resistance at a tremendous speed will vaporize the satellite just as small meteorites are vaporized before they reach the earth's surface. There are more than 1000 meteoric mechanisms carried in the atmosphere, and the sphere is expected to provide valuable information about the composition of the ionosphere and the possibilities of future space travel. The precise shape of the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF A. V. CLEAVER.

SATELLITE REVEALING ASPECTS OF THE IONOSPHERE WILL BE LAUNCHED DURING 1957-1958.

satellite is not yes-or-no, but it is likely to resemble that depicted by our artist, a sphere being easier to stabilise than a streamlined object, which would tend to stumble in the thin upper air. The satellite will be carried by a multi-stage rocket. A recent U.S. Defence Department account of the operation, which has been christened "Project Vanguard," states that the first rocket would start the satellite on its upward path, the second stage would be jettisoned, the third stage the first stage will drop off and the second rocket, deflected from the vertical, will continue the satellite upwards. The third rocket, carrying the satellite proper, will accelerate it to a top speed of about 18,000 miles an hour, which will establish

the satellite in its orbit where it will continue under its own momentum." It is possible that, when launched on its true career, the satellite might be visible with the naked eye, but astronomers all over the world will follow it with the aid of the latest scientific equipment. In particular, a Headquarters Outer Space Patrol will be organised at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, where will be set up cameras with telescopic lenses so powerful that they can record an object smaller than a football at a distance of 1000 miles, and there can be no doubt that the satellite will be one of the wonders which will stimulate the rise and fall of earth's newest moon with the same intense interest.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PUNCH, BROTHERS, PUNCH!

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN the curtain rose at the Duke of York's to reveal that magnified cover of *Punch*, I hoped—not having had time to do more than flutter a vast programme—that "The Punch Revue" would take us through a century and more of a British institution. The century's material is superb. Chosen with a sympathetic eye by a lover of the journal and its past, and staged with a matching charm, this could have been made into a parade of manners and modes to honour Bouverie Street and its tradition.

At the interval, and a little wanly now, I opened the billowing sheets of the programme: here, at least, was a happy change, though the compilers had forgotten to add the date of the first performance. I found a foreword by the Editor of *Punch*, whose face beamed—can I say charmingly?—at the head of it. In the foreword he asserts: "What has been attempted is to reproduce the present temper of this curious, apparently indestructible publication." Possibly that explained the sad lack of charm (for occasional whimsy is not charm): it did not explain the lack of wit. Certainly it did not tell us why Louis MacNeice ("Bagpipe Music" was never intended for the theatre) and W. H. Auden should have been hustled into the party. I turned the page and observed, dizzied, the name of T. S. Eliot—true, Mr. Eliot in his whimsical, cat-fancying mood. What

compilation called "Hambeline, the Moor of Tyre," which Paul Dehn, a lover of Shakespeare—for no one who did not love him could have worked so neatly—has put together, in a single battle scene, a happy purple patchwork. This is excellent fun; and Paul Daneman heads the procession as a Shakespearean actor should, being one himself. Alex Atkinson (abetted by Binnie Hale) offers the extraordinary revelations of "Crawfie's" nanny; J. B. Boothroyd takes us, his fancy glinting,

almost untouched. And from our own day, where in the world is Sir Alan Herbert? Where is such an artist as Ernest Shepard? Where, in fact, is *Punch*? We came prepared to be punch-drunk, and the brew was tepid.

There is punch enough, of another kind, in certain scenes of "The Sheep-Well," which I met at Stratford-attle-Bowe during the week. The night was a sombre business. To get to the Theatre Royal from the station you pass through a sinister canyon. In the house itself the playgoers of Stratford—all those, not many, who had been lured by the name of Lope de Vega—waited in a slightly strained intensity. Presently the Theatre Workshop cast launched us into a grim little anecdote of mediæval Spain while, now and then, a curtain slipped back in a stage-box and the mask-faces of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella stared down unwinkingly.

By the interval a distinguished colleague and myself were haunted men. If the House of Usher, transferred to Stratford, had chosen that moment to crumble about us, we could not have been surprised. The second half of the play revived my spirits, because it is then that Lope de Vega, ceasing to be an expositor, becomes a dramatist of fierce power. He is ramming home the tale of the villagers of Fuente Ovejuna (the Sheep-Well) who slew their cruel feudal lord, and who then refused to utter a syllable to the torturers except the single name, "Fuente Ovejuna." All of this, as I remembered from a London revival a decade ago, and from a more recent sound-radio performance, is driving "theatre," though I cannot say it



"LONDON 1841": A SCENE FROM THE FIRST NUMBER IN "THE PUNCH REVUE" (DUKE OF YORK'S), WHICH IS DEVISED AND DIRECTED BY VIDA HOPE, WITH (L. TO R.) PAUL DANEMAN, BINNIE HALE AND ALFIE BASS.



"I WISH THERE HAD BEEN MORE CARE FOR TRADITION IN THE ASSEMBLING OF A REVUE LINKED WITH THE FAMOUS MAGAZINE": "THE PUNCH REVUE," SHOWING JOYCE BLAIR AND BINNIE HALE (RIGHT) IN A NUMBER ENTITLED "GOING THE SPACE." THE SETTING IS BY EMMET.

into Tin Pan Alley, quick forge and working-house of thought; and there are agreeable numbers by William Plomer and by B. A. Young. Mr. Plomer (with music by Benjamin Britten) does summon the older *Punch*, but, alas, for only a few wistful moments; as it was, we could have done with more of the gliding ghosts. The night ends with Binnie Hale's impersonations, managed so expertly (with Margaret Rutherford's chin and Joyce Grenfell's carefully-careless abandon) that we hardly notice the witless script.

There we are. Add one fine backcloth by Ronald Searle (it was a pity that our view of it had to be obscured by some complicated manoeuvres), and a last London backcloth by "Diz," and we have all but exhausted the subjects for praise. The cast, of course: Miss Hale and Mr. Daneman, Alfie Bass, Rosaline Haddon: nothing wrong here. We should be grateful for what we have, but it could have been so much better. The programme, I notice, thanks the proprietors of *Punch* for permission to include "items, characters and ideas which have appeared in that magazine during the course of the last century or so." But why not have more on the stage to justify so comprehensive a note? Over a century of *Punch* is



"LOPE DE VEGA'S 'UNITED FRONT' PLAY OF RESISTANCE TO A FEUDAL OPPRESSOR": "THE SHEEP-WELL" (THEATRE ROYAL, STRATFORD, E.), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH THE CORRUPT FEUDAL LORD, THE COMMANDER (MAXWELL SHAW), ATTEMPTS TO ABDUCT A VILLAGE GIRL, LAURENCIA (BARBARA BROWN), BUT IS INTERRUPTED BY THE GIRL'S LOVER, FRONDOSO (PETER BRIDGMONT), WHO THREATENS HIM WITH A CROSS-BOW.

in the world had these things to do with *Punch*, and how did they help to reproduce the "present temper" of the magazine?

At the end of a second half that was slightly better, but that did not persuade me of the wisdom of the enterprise, there seemed to be a divided opinion in the gallery. Now we have had many worse revues. We can merely suppose that this was disappointment at the way in which an endeared tradition had been battered in the theatre.

It is dangerous to play with the name of *Punch*. Whatever the temper of the journal may be, it is not that of a routine commercial revue. The best things at the Duke of York's are by *Punch* writers, but there is too much excrescent material that may leave strangers with the idea that *Punch* likes to be knowing and man-of-the-world, and not a little tedious. What the revue needs badly is genuine, and not simply applied, charm (something more than Mr. Eliot's glum cats or the judas-tree number). It is foolish to imagine that we can do without this quality.

Having grumbled, let me remember the best in the night. First, a Shakespearean

was acted very well at Stratford. (Howard Goorney and Maxwell Shaw came through best.)

The most compelling thing in the night was the many-levelled setting of ramps, carefully placed and backed by a map of the Iberian peninsula. One can always depend on the Theatre Workshop sets. I do not forget the tree-trunks of "Arden of Faversham" and the fourth act of "Red Roses For Me": a corner

of Dublin, where a churchyard, trees in leaf, and gravestones, behind a boundary wall, took up the left-hand side of the stage, and a roadway came down towards us on the other.

The theme of "The Sheep-Well" (directed by Joan Littlewood) is united obedience in a common cause. This reminds me that there is now on tour a play called "The Strong Are Lonely" (by Fritz Hochwalder in a translation by Eva La Gallienne) that is a study in various forms of obedience. Set unexpectedly in a Jesuit College in Paraguay during 1767, it is a play of surging emotional force. If it comes, as it should, to London, the performances of Donald Wolfit, Robert Harris and Ernest Milton should be much discussed. We have punch enough here for anything.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE SHEEP-WELL" (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.).—This is Lope de Vega's "united front" play of resistance to a feudal oppressor. He wrote 1700 plays; in Britain we know surprisingly few. This one (which has been called the first proletarian drama and stiffens in fibre after a doubtful start) is possibly the most familiar. The Theatre Workshop cast, using an anonymous "Theatre Union translation," does it resolutely, if not persuasively (Barbara Brown is Laurencia, leader of the village Amazons). The second half does come nearer to us, and the set, in Joan Littlewood's production, is certainly, and impressively, unusual. (September 27.)

"THE PUNCH REVUE" (Duke of York's).—Mark Twain wrote, in another context, "Punch, brothers, punch with care!" I wish that there had been more care for tradition in the assembling of a revue linked with the famous magazine. In spite of some good things and designs—we recall the work of such people as Paul Dehn, Ronald Searle, J. B. Boothroyd, Alex Atkinson, B. A. Young—there is too much that is laborious and charmless. And it was a quaint bit of coterie-work to include Auden, Eliot and MacNeice. Producer: Vida Hope. (September 28.)

MARCEL PROUST AND HIS TIME: A LONDON EXHIBITION.



(ABOVE.) THIS DRAWING OF OSCAR WILDE, BY BOLDINI, IS TO BE SEEN AT THE MARCEL PROUST EXHIBITION AT THE WILDENSTEIN GALLERY.

THE exhibition "Marcel Proust and His Time" has been organised by the Direction des Relations Culturelles, and is to be seen at the Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street, until November 5. There is a prolific and miscellaneous display of exhibits, including paintings, drawings, photographs and a large number of manuscripts, as well as more personal souvenirs such as a grey velvet waistcoat and Proust's inkstand. A large proportion of these were lent by Proust's only niece, Mme. Mante-Proust.

[Continued opposite.]



JACQUES EMILE BLANCHE'S PORTRAIT OF MARCEL PROUST IS PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT PAINTING OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH NOVELIST TO BE SEEN IN THIS EXHIBITION.

THE FIRST MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITION OF ITS KIND.



(ABOVE.) "JOHN RUSKIN," BY JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. PROUST WAS AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF RUSKIN, AND TRANSLATED SEVERAL OF HIS WORKS INTO FRENCH.



"LE CERCLE DE LA RUE ROYALE," PAINTED BY JAMES TISSOT IN 1868. CHARLES HAAS, WHO WAS ONE OF THE MODELS FOR THE CHARACTER OF "CHARLES SWANN," IS SEEN STANDING BY THE WINDOW.

[Continued.] This varied selection of exhibits succeeds in evoking the atmosphere of Proust's environment, and thus also gives a valuable insight into the formulation of Marcel Proust's most famous novel, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." Another object of the exhibition is to stress Proust's connections with England. This is the first exhibition of its kind ever to be arranged. It comes just after the first publication in English of Proust's recently-discovered novel, "Jean Santeuil," the original manuscript of which is also displayed.



"JEAN COCTEAU," BY JACQUES EMILE BLANCHE, WHO WAS HIMSELF A NOVELIST AS WELL AS A PAINTER, AND WAS A GREAT FRIEND OF PROUST'S.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF MARCEL PROUST AT ILLIERS IS TYPICAL OF THE MANY PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE EXHIBITION. ILLIERS WAS THE MODEL FOR THE VILLAGE OF "COMBRAY," IN "À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU."



"COMTE ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU," BY BOLDINI. MONTESQUIOU WAS A POET, AUTHOR, CRITIC AND PAINTER WHO HAD A GREAT INFLUENCE ON THE YOUNG MARCEL PROUST, AND INTRODUCED HIM INTO THE WORLD OF GUERMANTES.



FLAMES LEAPING FROM THE UPPER WINDOWS OF A FINSBURY FACTORY:

THREE WOMEN WERE KILLED AND OTHERS HURT IN THE FIRE.

When a handbag factory in Finsbury caught fire on October 8, a girl aged nineteen jumped 40 ft. to her death and two other women died after being trapped in the top of the building. Three men working in the factory were detained in hospital suffering from shock and burns. About twelve workers were in the building when the fire broke out.



DEMONSTRATING MASS FIRE-FIGHTING TACTICS: MEN OF THE SURREY COUNTY FIRE BRIGADE, WHOSE NEW HEADQUARTERS WAS FORMALLY OPENED AT REIGATE BY THE HOME SECRETARY, MAJOR LLOYD-GEORGE. A new tactical training centre and administrative headquarters for the Surrey County Fire Brigade was formally opened at Reigate on October 5 by Major Lloyd-George, the Home Secretary. In a demonstration of large-scale fire-fighting, some hundred firemen using as many fire jets pumped 7000 gallons of water a minute at the two practice towers.



TO BE OPENED BY PRINCESS MARGARET: THE PILGRIMS RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL AT SEAFORD FOR DELICATE BOYS BETWEEN THE AGES OF SEVEN AND FIFTEEN. PURCHASED BY THE INVALID CHILDREN'S AID ASSOCIATION, IT WAS EQUIPPED BY MEANS OF PROFITS FROM THE LONDON CHARITY PERFORMANCE OF "THE FROG," WITH WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET WAS ASSOCIATED.



THE MELDRUM TELEVISION STATION, ON GORE HILL, OLD MELDRUM, NEAR ABERDEEN, NOW COMPLETED WITH ITS 500-FT. STEEL MAST; AND PHOTOGRAPHED HERE DURING THE FINAL TESTS, IN READINESS FOR ITS OPENING BY MR. THOMAS JOHNSTON.



NOW APPROACHING COMPLETION, ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCH (CHURCH OF SCOTLAND), IN PONT STREET, WHICH HAS BEEN REBUILT FOLLOWING DESTRUCTION DURING THE WAR. The Church of St. Columba, in Pont Street, London, was destroyed by enemy air attack in 1941 and the foundation-stone of the new building was laid by the Queen Mother in 1950. It is due for reopening in December and will contain the largest post-war organ except that installed at the Festival Hall.



DESCENDANTS OF THE ORIGINAL FOUNDING FATHERS VISITING THE DEVON SHIPYARD IN WHICH THE REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL MAYFLOWER IS BEING BUILT. As reported in previous issues, a 180-ton reproduction of the Mayflower is being built at Brixham for a transatlantic voyage next summer; and a model of the ship is here shown standing on the keel. Among those visitors shown here are descendants of John Alden.

AUSTRIA, EGYPT, GERMANY AND FRANCE: RECENT NEWS FROM ABROAD.



ENTIRELY REBUILT—IN ITS ORIGINAL STYLE; AND SOON TO BE REOPENED WITH BEETHOVEN'S "FIDELIO": THE GREAT VIENNA OPERA HOUSE.

In the last weeks of the war, Vienna's Opera House was so destroyed by bombs and fire that only the entrance and main staircase remained. It has now been rebuilt—the exterior as it was, the interior thoroughly modernised—and is due for reopening early in November.



THE FIFTH BUILDING TO BEAR THE NAME: THE NEW SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL RISING IN CAIRO, ON THE BANK OF THE NILE. IT IS EXPECTED TO OPEN IN 1956.

The famous Shepherd's Hotel, which was burnt down in the anti-British rioting in Cairo in 1952, was the fourth building to bear the name since the 1840's. It is expected that the lower floors of the new building will open for visitors early in 1956.



HEINZ LINGE, HITLER'S VALET IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE FÜHRER'S LIFE—AFTER HIS RETURN FROM RUSSIA.

The repatriation of German prisoners of war hitherto held in Russia began on October 6, when twenty-four former generals reached the reception camp at Friedland, near Göttingen, in West Germany. The most notable in this batch was General Seydlitz, who was captured at Stalingrad, with Field Marshal Paulus.

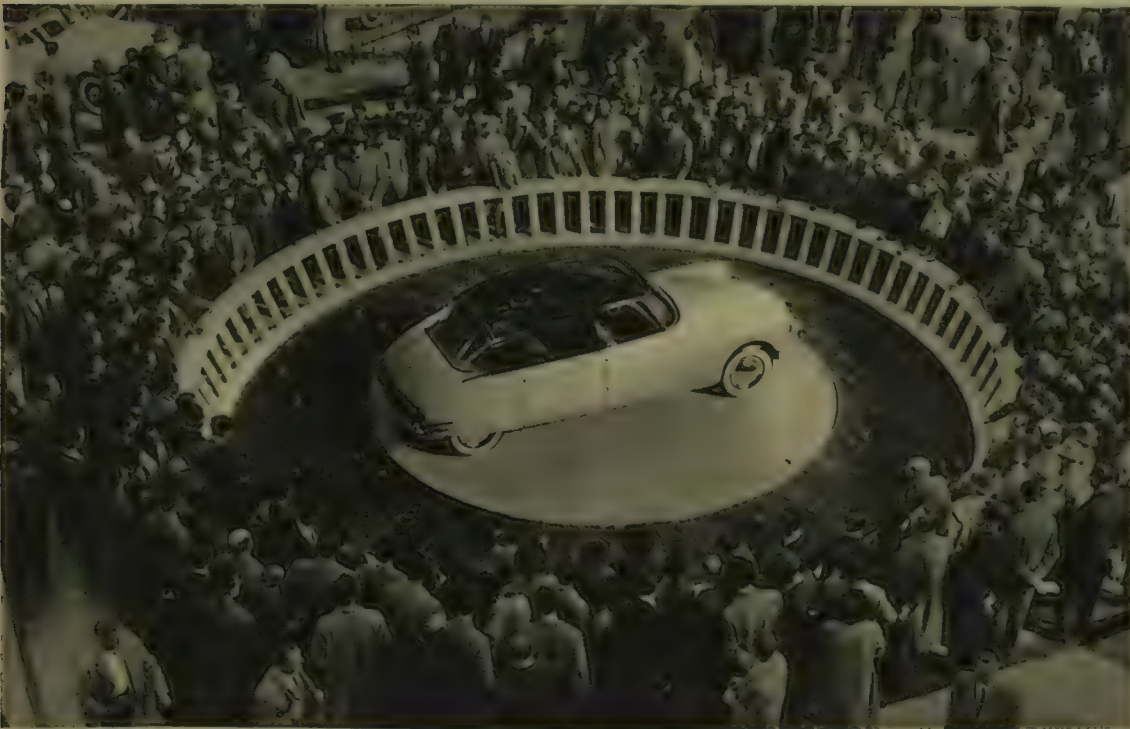


AMONG THE FIRST BATCH OF IMPRISONED GENERAL OFFICERS TO BE RETURNED FROM RUSSIA: GENERAL VON SEYDLITZ (CENTRE).



HITLER'S CHIEF PERSONAL PILOT, HANS BAUR, WHO HAS SAID THAT HE SAW MARTIN BORMANN KILLED.

Hans Baur, who was Hitler's pilot, was trying to escape from beleaguered Berlin when he was captured at much the same time that he saw Bormann killed while trying to escape in a tank. Heinz Linge stated that he saw Hitler dead in the bunker and was one of those who dragged out the body and burnt it.



"LA DÉESSE" (THE GODDESS): THE NEW AND REVOLUTIONARY CITROËN CAR, WHICH CAUSED A SENSATION AT THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW ON OCTOBER 7.

The completely newly-designed new Citroën car, the D.S.19, was the sensation of the Paris Motor Show and, not surprisingly, has been nicknamed "La Déesse." It is the fruit of ten years of intensive experiment, and is priced at 930,000 francs.



THE FLEXIBLE DRIVING WHEEL OF THE NEW CITROËN D.S.19: 749 OF THESE CARS WERE ORDERED WITHIN 45 MINUTES OF THE OPENING.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NO doubt the best circles still take it as an axiom that the historical novel is below the salt. This view is not a matter of experience, it is doctrinaire; therefore it can survive any number of mere instances. But, happily, it doesn't follow that the instances themselves are looked down on. The purists can be just as enthusiastic over them as anyone else, provided that each one is distinctly labelled an exception. And we know already that on this basis "Roman Wall," by Bryher (Collins; 10s. 6d.), will get a square deal. No one pooh-poohed her "Fourteenth of October"; on the contrary, it was pronounced to be not really a historical novel, to be almost visionary, to reflect experience in a past life. . . . Which there was no need to believe, if one believes that the historical novel can be a work of imagination. On the other hand, if Bryher thus revealed herself to have lived through the Norman Conquest, it is now equally clear that she was a Helvetian, by birth or domicile, in the third century. She has produced exactly the same sort of evidence.

And she has very much the same theme: once more, civilisation is being smashed by the new barbarism. Last time the dikes went down at Hastings; this time the Alemanni swarm over the Rhine and sack the provincial capital of Aventicum. And, again, the victims have evolved their own fate: by torpor, by complacency—and by some inner flaw, some indefinable loss of force. . . . Not even Demetrius, the wandering Greek trader, has been able to put his finger on it; though he already knows this is his last trip. Not even Valerius, at Orba, has exactly seen it coming. He was detailed to guard a road; somehow, within ten years, he has become an outpost; and he has kept on saying that "if we had another fifty men, the frontier would take care of itself." Till suddenly he realises it is not true. Some day they will be flooded out—perhaps next year. And yet this summer has the usual "earthborn tranquillity"; he and his sister Julia might be living on their own farm. And Julia has struck root in Orba: though she is ultra-Roman, and though she seems to hear the feet of the barbarians night after night. These rumours are less audible in Aventicum, where the Governor's grand design is to shake off his mistress, and intrigue for a higher post. As for the Alemanni, in a year or two the Emperor will bring his legions and settle them. Meanwhile, some villages must burn; and to appease the populace, he has just spent a lot of money on some second-rate Games. Next moment they have barely time to get out.

This story is as natural, or "visionary," as "The Fourteenth of October," and I think better peopled. But it is not in quite the same vein; it has less intensity and romance, and a less tragic, though not less fateful, aura. Rightly—since it is about a different world, and an incompletely lost cause. The Empire is not destroyed at Aventicum, only pushed back a little. The fugitives have somewhere to go; and in a calm, nostalgic way there is a happy ending.

OTHER FICTION.

The unexpected and surprising charm of "The Little Barrier," by Robert Sabatier (Putnam; 12s. 6d.), proves yet again that one can never judge from outside. It is the story of a small boy in Montmartre, whose mother has a combined grocery and *bistro*, and is in love, at fifty, with a young Negro jazz-player. Alain hates Vincent, and dreads the sight of him: though he knows nothing about sex and is not conscious of feeling jealous. Nevertheless, it is as though he had to pit himself against this big, stylish, overpowering black—so unlike the faithful blacks of his imagination—and knew he never could. It is a huge relief when Vincent goes away for a month. Then his mother is not well, and Alain minds the shop and behaves beautifully: only to learn that from now on M. Vincent—"you can call him Vincent"—will be living with them. "He will be very nice to you. It will be like . . . like . . . a big brother. . . ."

And that is exactly how it turns out. Vincent is not only gentle and good-natured, he is attracted by this "little, warm, excitable child with the bright, eager eyes." Naively, he sets out to be friends, and Alain can't wholly resist. The black man is so interesting, he knows so much, he has such fascinating talents—and somehow he makes the grown-up world more comprehensible. By now, it is the tired, rapidly ageing woman who feels left out. . . .

And in the end they part, of course. This, too, is beautifully handled; between Alain and the Negro—with whom he has never quite relaxed—it is the moment of truth. And then there is the truth and appeal of the small boy: of his relations with the street, his reveries and discouragements, his inner world.

"Action of the Tiger," by James Wellard (Macmillan; 15s.), is an adventure story with a tang of literature. Irene Locke's brother has been mewed up in Albania since the evacuation of Greece. Her parents have tried "channels" in vain. Now she has had a letter from him—and has left her fiancé at the altar, to get him out. Her first move is to take a cargo-boat to the Greek islands, where she learns that Matthew is blind—and that Ned Carson is around in a yacht. Carson the Yank has everything. He is the lover who got away; he has a reputation for villainy, a gnawing remorse, and contacts with Albania. There they are helped by the Albanian underground—if you can call it that—including a superb comic-opera cad who has designs on Irene. She is much fought over; even the deserted bridegroom is in pursuit. There is a whiff of Conrad on the boat, a much stronger taste of Hemingway on the "Albanian shore." It is a good, large, animated story all the same.

"It's Different in July," by Kevin FitzGerald (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), opens with a peculiar atmosphere in the little Shropshire village of Herbal Street. The landlord is supposed to have murdered his wife (who is alive in Nottingham). Husbands and brothers are going off, while the forsaken women smile quietly, or laugh like maniacs. Big cars vanish like smoke—and it is all somehow connected with the Herbal Street women's dance. . . . Very inventive and well-written, and sparkling if you like thrillers. Only, as usual, I was fatigued by the goings-on. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THREE GALLANT WAR STORIES AND A TRUE "WESTERN."

A BOOK I have been looking forward to with particular interest is "Lion With Blue Wings," by Ronald Seth (Gollancz; 16s.). This is the story of that remarkable unit, the Glider Pilot Regiment, which performed such feats of valour and suffered such appalling casualties. I well remember going down to visit the regiment at Tilshed when it was first formed and when, if I remember rightly, it possessed but a single *Horsa* glider. It was a unique regiment in that, with the exception of the officers' batmen, it consisted entirely of commissioned officers and sergeant-pilots. I am glad that Mr. Seth pays a full and adequate tribute to Brigadier George Chatterton, who commanded the regiment almost from its inception, and set the impression of his remarkable personality on this experimental group of unorthodox volunteers. I well recall his addressing the regiment in those far-off

days of 1941, and telling them of the standards which he expected from them—"the discipline of the Guards, the toughness of commandos and the flexible approach of the Royal Navy." Brigadier Chatterton was, incidentally, well qualified through his experience to speak, as he had had the distinction of having served in all three services! The first experience of glider warfare—the descent on Sicily—was not encouraging. The heavy loss of life in that operation was due partly to the weather and partly to the fact that in far too many cases the inexperienced American "tugs" cast-off too far out to sea. Mr. Seth tells the sad story with restraint. In a book which is nicely spiced with humour, I am sorry that he has omitted one of the most amusing incidents in the regiment's history. This was during these same landings in Sicily, when the commanding officer's glider was shot down and landed in the sea. The following morning a party of a dozen extremely tough and heavily-armed glider pilots were advancing inland on their own. Suddenly from out of a ditch there appeared an Italian soldier, who sent his rifle skittering along the road towards Syracuse, raised his arms in the air and said: "Have-a no fear. See, I surrender!" After Sicily, Brigadier Chatterton decided that the whole theory of the use of gliders in warfare needed revision, with results that were to be seen at Arnhem and in the spectacular crossing of the Rhine. I was privileged to be present at the final parade of the 400 survivors, when their colours were laid up in a tiny Sussex parish church. It was a most moving occasion and Mr. Seth in this excellent book adequately conveys the impression of dedication which inspired and illumined this wonderful regiment.

One of the deservedly popular turns in the Royal Tournament each year is the assault by the Royal Marine Commandos on an objective on a cliff-top. The officer responsible for this turn last year was Captain Mike Banks, of the Royal Marine Commandos, who has written an admirable book in "Commando Climber" (Dent; 18s.). Brigadier Sir John Hunt says in his foreword that it is "a spirited tale of adventure by an officer of the fighting services who has evidently seized well his opportunities to indulge a passion for the strange and the steep places of the earth." Mountaineers will welcome this exciting addition to the literature of their sport, and the general reader will be attracted to a story told so well and so modestly.

One of the most exciting and satisfying incidents in the depressing period of the "phoney war" was the rescue by H.M.S. *Cossack* of the British prisoners in the German tanker *Altmark*. As Sir Winston Churchill said at the time: "To Nelson's immemorial signal of a hundred and thirty-five years ago, 'England expects that every man will do his duty,' there may now be added last week's no less proud reply, 'The Navy's here.'" Messrs. Willi Frischauer and Robert Jackson have taken that famous statement as their title for their book about the *Altmark*, which now appears, therefore, as "The Navy's Here!" (Gollancz; 16s.). The *Altmark*, it will be recalled, was originally designed as a supply ship for the pocket battleship *Graf Spee*. In the early days of the war the *Graf Spee* took a heavy toll of our merchant shipping, and as her career as a commerce raider continued, she drew her fuel and supplies of food and ammunition from the capacious holds of the *Altmark*. At the same time, Captain Langsdorff, the captain of the *Graf Spee*, had on his hands the problem of what to do with the crews of the ships he sank. Gradually these men were transferred to the *Altmark*, so that by the time the *Graf Spee* scuttled herself after the famous Battle of the River Plate, the *Altmark* had over 300 British sailors aboard her. When the *Graf Spee* was gone, the *Altmark's* *raison d'être* had also gone. Her master, the morose Captain Dau, was determined to get back to Germany with his prisoners. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, was no less determined that she should be seized and the prisoners liberated. With considerable skill the German captain got his ship back from the South Atlantic as far as Norwegian territorial waters. The authors tell the story of what happened next with a vividness which enables the reader to recapture something of the tension of the time. When the *Altmark* was finally traced to the Norwegian fjord where she took refuge, it looked

as if her chances of slipping back to Germany were reasonably good. As it was, however, as all the world knows, H.M.S. *Cossack* carried out a boarding operation in the best classical Nelsonian tradition. This well-constructed and exciting book does excellent justice to one of the most stirring stories in British naval annals.

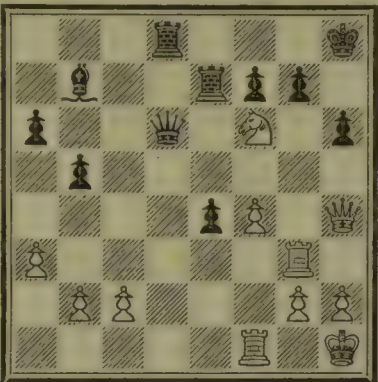
When we speak of America as being a young country we sometimes, I think, forget just how young she is. "From Gun to Gavel," the courtroom recollections of James Mathers, of Oklahoma, as told to Marshall Houts (Souvenir Press; 15s.), is an amusing reminder of how close the modern American is to pioneering days. Mr. James Mathers became an attorney in the Indian Territory of Oklahoma in 1890, and this book is the astonishing story of conditions in the West a bare sixty-five years ago. The Indian Territory was infested with outlaws and renegades, and Mr. Mathers found that quickness on the draw was in many cases far more important than a knowledge of law. The story he has to tell is as exciting as is to be found between the paper covers of any "Western" thriller, the difference being that the incidents described here are fact and not fiction. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ONCE wrote these Notes in Stockholm, that queen city of the North which has kept the flame of chess burning brightly through the generations. The first-diagrammed position came about in a game played there. White, to move, wound up the game in his favour in remarkably short time.

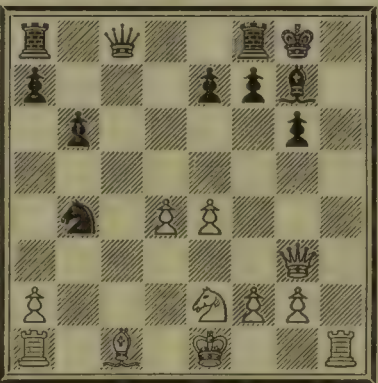
COLLETT (Black).



HULT (White).

No, I am not appending the play just yet; I have transferred it far below to give you a chance to find it yourself without being distracted by an accidental glimpse. Glance meanwhile at this queer ending from the Interzonal tournament at Gothenburg, not far to the south, in which White's king takes on the attributes of a gadfly.

FILIP (Black).



FUDERER (White).

16. Q-R4 P-B3
Better than 16... P-B4, against which the reply 17. Q-R7ch, K-B2; 18. R-R6 would be too effective for Black's comfort.

17. Q-R7ch K-B2
18. B-R6 R-KKt
19. Kt-B4!

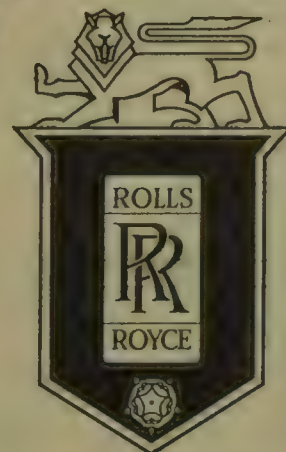
Allowing Black to chase his king all round the houses but seeing clearly that there is safety in the end.

20. K-K2 Q-B6ch
21. K-B3 Q-B5ch
22. K-Kt4 Q-B6ch
23. K-Kt5! Q-B7ch

If 22... P-B4ch then 23. K-Kt5!
23. K-Kt3 P-K4
Black cannot guard his KKtP...

24. Q x Pch K-K2
25. B x B P x Ktch
26. K-R2 Q-K3
27. K-Kt1! P-B6
28. R-R7 Resigns.

In the first diagram came 1. Q-Kt5! R-KKt (not 1... P x Q; 2. R-R3 mate; and now not 2. Kt x R, P x Q!); 2. Q x RPch, P x Q; 3. R x R mate. So clean-cut!



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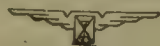
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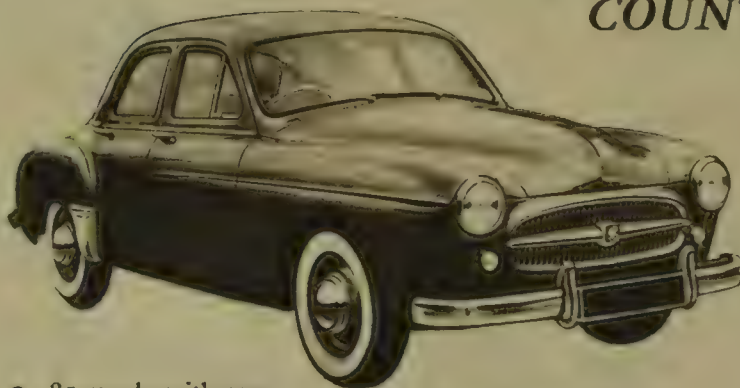
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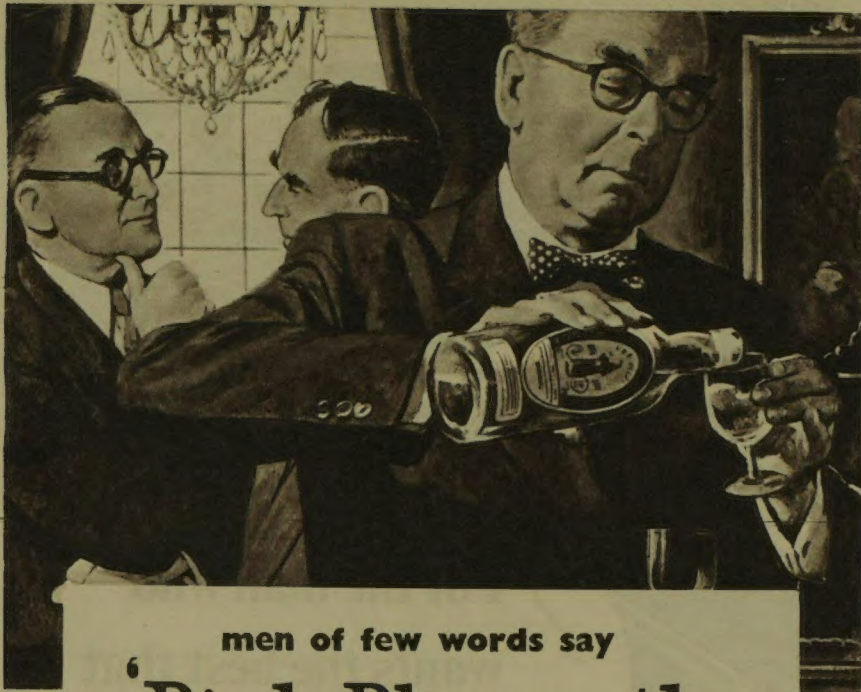
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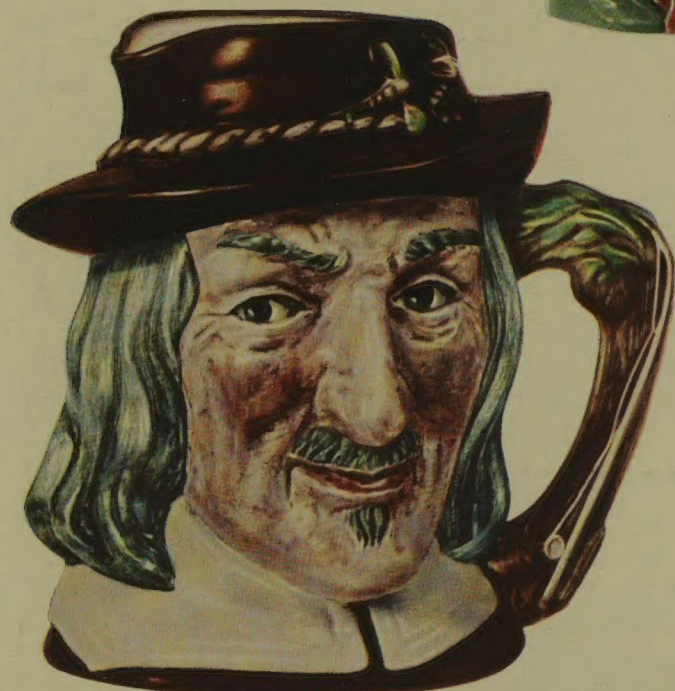
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